

THE *History*
AMOURS
OF
Messalina,

Late Queen of *ALBION*.

In which are briefly couch'd, Secrets of the

IMPOSTURE
OF THE
CAMBRION PRINCE,

THE
Gothick League
AND

Other *COURT INTRIGUES* of the Four
last Years Reign, not yet made *Publick*.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident
of *Q. MESSALINA*.

LONDON, Printed for *John Lyford*. 1689.

THE
AMOURS
OF
MELISSA

THE QUEEN OF ALBION
In which are printed several Secrets of the

IMPOSTURE
OF THE
CAMBRION PRINCE
THE

SECRET LEAGUE
AND

OF THE COURT INTRIGUES of the Fort
of the French King, not yet made publick.

OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, a late Conqueror
OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

LONDON, Printed for John Knapton, 1699.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

HAVING Correspondence with a Gentleman, Resident in Cologne, the Repository of all the Oppressed Subjects of Gothland, where they first unload their Grievances, and thence disperse them all over Europe:

Among other pieces of Curiosity received from the said Gentleman, were these few Sheets presented to him by the Man who prints them, and from whom he has a promise of the Second Part (that was just putting to the Press) and as soon as printed off, I may expect them by the first Post; they bear the Title of *Les Amours de MESSELINA DERNIERE REINE d'ALBION*, and so on, as the Printer informs my Friend, by a Woman of Quality sometimes a Confidant of Messalina late Queen of Albion, and one that has been very familiar with her in the most secret Intrigues; but upon some disgust received since their Retirement to the Gothish Court (proceeding, as is supposed, from the Haughty and Intolerable Humour of the Queen) has thereupon left the Court, and being very much out of Favour, is retir'd unto the Electorate of Cologne, it seems to carry the appearance of an Historical Novel, and contains most of the Cabinet Contrivances of the Court of Albion for these last four Years, it lays open the Villainous Contrivances of the Pagan Priests, especially Father Pedro's, against the Peace and Welfare of the Christian Religion in that Kingdom; it discovers the Life of the late Queen, with her Project to entail POPERY and SLAVERY on the Nation: It discovers

The Translator to the Reader.

the Mystics or High-Priest's, together with the Antichristian King of Gothland's Intrigues, at least to Imbroil, if not totally to Subvert the Power and Interest of all the Christian Princes in Europe. It gives an Account of the Weakness and Oversight of the late King Lycogenes, in suffering himself first to be led by the Nose by Polydorus King of the Gauls afterwards to become his Pensioner, and to have as it were his whole dependance upon him: As lastly, his Ungenerous and Cruel LEAGUE with the said King, not only to destroy or ruin all his own Christian Subjects, but even to Extirpate what they are pleas'd to call the Northern Heresie from the Face of the Earth.

It further shews the wicked and unparallel'd Design of the late Queen Messalina, to impose upon and wrong the King her Husbands Children, two lovely Princesses, of their Just and Lawful Pretensions to the Crown of Albion.

P. S. *While I was Correcting this Preface for the Printer, in order to its immediate publication, the Dutch Post-man brings my Foreign Letters, one of which is from my Cologne Friend, in which is inclosed the printed Sheets of the Second Part, where (on a Cursolary view of them) I find the Intrigues of his British Highness laid open, shewing (after the failure of Count Davila and Father Pedro) the Secret Intrigues of the WARMING-PAN, in which is briefly couch'd the whole management of that Imposture With a new Amour that has lately happen'd since the Courts retirement into Gothland, between King Polydorus and Queen Messalina: Wherein are several Secrets of the Pagan League not yet expos'd. But such is the over-ragerness of the Bookseller, that I cannot perswade him to stop the publication of this, but I am overperswaded to publish them in two Parts, as they are in the Original.*

FAir *Albion* had for many years enjoy'd all the pleasures that Peace and Plenty could afford, and by a long discontinuance from War, seem'd to have degenerated from those inclinations to Glory which have been accounted natural to the People of that Famous Island; the last time they carry'd out their Victorious Arms, was against their Neighbours on the *Belgick* Coasts, where after many signal proofs of Courage and Ability on both sides, the Quarrel proceeding chiefly from Emulation of each others Power and Trade, a firm and lasting Peace was concluded between them: And now *Britomardes* the Second of that Name, King of *Albion*, having against his natural disposition been obliged to spend the first and better part of his Youth in all those hazards & difficulties which a Civil War within the Bowels of his own Countrey, and a 12 Years Exile abroad laid him open to, he at last, to his wonderful satisfaction, finds himself at liberty, to follow the current of his own Humour, and resolves to Sacrifice the remaining part of his Life to the soft temptations of Love and Pleasure: But see the infallibility of Humane Resolutions, & how easily Providence can disappoint our firmest Expectations, for though *Britomardes* knew how to improve his Minutes of Love and Delight to as great advantage as any Prince in the World, yet he could very rarely find himself disengaged from those weighty Cares that necessarily attend the Thrones of Great Princes, or from the apprehensions of impending dangers which the many discoveries of Plots and Conspiracies against his Life, imprinted in him: He at last dying without lawful Issue, *Lycogenes* the Second, his only Brother, succeeded, a Prince who in his Youth and Adversity gave so signal proofs of his Vertue and Gallantry, that he render'd himself the Admiration of Forreign Countries, and the Delight and Love of his own, but (I know not by what unhappy Counsels thereunto incited) after his coming to the

Crown of *Albion*, he committed so many Irregularities against even the Peace and Safety of his own People, that they were obliged to call in *Anaximander*, Prince of the *Low Lands*, to their Assistance to defend their Lives, which they affirm'd *Lycogenes* had expos'd and sold to *Polydorus* King of the *Gaules*, and to recover their Rights and Liberties which, say they, their King had encroach'd upon and taken from them: *Lycogenes* had by his first Wife (who was Daughter to a Noble Peer of *Albion*) two Lovely Princesses to his Daughters, the Eldest called *Artemisia*, Married to *Anaximander*, the other *Philadelphia*, Married to *Polycrates* the Northern Prince. His 2d Wife was *Messalina*, Daughter of a Huge Prince in *Italy*, and nearly Related to *Boanerges* the High-Priest, a Lady sent by Heaven to determine the Fate of Poor *Lycogenes*, and to ruine the growing greatness of the *Pagan Interest* in the Kingdom of *Albion*: She was, as to her Person, all that could be wish'd in a great Women, she had a Majestick, Lofty Carriage, black Hair, delicate sparkling Eyes of the same Colour, a handsome Nose, her Mouth extremely pretty when she smil'd, her Face Oval, her Look demure and sullen, except when she was in Company with her Favourites; she was tall and well shap'd, and to those who only look'd on her, she made a lovely Figure; she took, according to the mode of her Country, a great delight in Musick and Armour; Before her arrival at *Albion*, she had spent part of her time in the Court of *Gothland*, where she behav'd herself with that Gallantry, and so far insinuated into the favour of that Court, that 'tis believ'd *Lycogenes* receiv'd his first recommendation of her from the King of the *Gaules*, she look'd upon the Nobility of *Albion* either too just to their King, or too unworthy of her Favours, to entrust them with any part of her Intrigues, and therefore she chose to be beholding to the High-Priest and to *Polydorus*, for Persons that might at once serve both her Love and Ambition; and though *Lycogenes* did all to oblige her, that a fond over-weening Love could prompt a Man to, yet he

he found it more than a difficulty many times to prevail with her to keep within such rules as were most agreeable to his Honour, and requisite for the Peace and Security of his Kingdom; *Messalina* after *Lycogenes* Accession to the Crown, upon the Height and Eminence of her new Station, seem'd to have receiv'd a new Air and Temper too; for during the Reign of *Britomardes* (her *Lycogenes* then but a Subject) she bore her Grandeur with that universal Complaisance and Condescension, that possibly the Renown of her Prideless Meen and Deportment, out-ran the very Fame of her Beauty, and the same Poetick Raptures that daily Deified the one, built Altars too to the other. All Tongues were full of her Praises, and there wanted not her Applause even in all Corners of the World. But as if Fortune had tried to match her own Mutability in that Change which the Advance to a Crown soon wrought through her whole Temper and Carriage; the Anointing Drops seem'd to have infused so strange a Spirit of Ambition and Haughtiness, that her former Dearest Darlings and Favourites were then thought scarce worthy the Honour of being her Vassals, insomuch that that Universal Quire that before had so chanted her Praises, were all of a sudden struck dumb; whilst the Exaltation of her Pride, with that of her Glory, had infinitely rebated the edge of the late popular Veneration. But as disgusted as so haughty a behaviour soon made her, not only by the People, but the very Courtiers of *Albion*; We are to consider 'twas in the Days of her more humble State, and gentler Charms, that she gain'd the Heart of her *Lycogenes*. 'Tis true, as her Pride became a Fault, however it brought one Vertue with it, in giving a Check to her former Inclination to Intrigue; her sometimes Favourites (upon her Ascent to a Throne) being now a little removed to a Distance unworthy of Graces so sublime. The long expected and long sigh'd for Day of her Imperial Dignity being come, she could not without abundance of Regret behold those Wrinkles Age had already made in the Face of her *Lycogenes*, she would often ruminate on the

Sensible Decay Time and continual Cares had wrought in the Strength and Vigour of the King her Husband; she could not consider his weak and seldom Caresses any otherwise than as *Memento Mori* to her own Glory and Ambition; she saw many whom the unkindness, shall I say Injustice of *Lycogenes* had render'd cold and disaffected to his Interest, gaping with expectation of a speedy Change; she was not insensible that the moment of his Death would probably be the Eternity of her Ruine, and that at least her Honour, if not her Life, would be endanger'd; these Considerations would often perplex the Mind of poor *Messalina*, and would often check the current of her Joy even in the height of all her Glory. 'What? would she cry, 'must this be the weak Foundation whereon all my future Hopes must rest? Must all my Glorious Projects lean on the uncertain Security of a Feeble Husband's Life? Shall the present possession of a Crown seem so to transport my Thoughts, as to leave me careless of all future Contingencies, or shall I think the high Station of a Queen of *Albion* so far above my Personal Merit, that like a cheating Gamester, I can be willing to refund, or lay down my Royalty? No, no, *Messalina*, think of the Grandeur of thy Mighty House, think of thy yet but Blooming Youth and Beauty; but above all, think of thy boundless lofty Soul, which will sooner break than bend to the least derogation of thy Honour: Remember *Boanerges*, thy holy Patron and Kinsman, and the Mighty *Polydorus*, do something worthy their great Alliance and Friendship: Remember the Eyes of all thy Sect expect thy wonderful Operations; and since the necessity of Time requires thy speedy Resolutions, remove boldly whatever dare obstruct thy Will, and let thy Orders have a speedy execution. Such were the extravagant Thoughts of Unhappy *Messalina*, which were yet heightned afterwards by the pernicious Counsels of Count *Davila*, and Father *Pedro*, her two chief Assistants in all her Consultations, and sent on purpose to work on the restless Humour of
this

this Queen, by *Boanerges* the High-Priest, to promote the Interest of the Pagan Faction in the Kingdom of *Albion*. These two, according to their Instructions, draw first a Scheme of what they had to do, and then like crafty Workmen, proceed to the Manner, Time, and Place for the execution of their Projects; they soon come to a determination of the manner of their proceedings, for being sensible of the main points whereon all the Queens Satisfaction seem'd to depend; to wit, Amour and Religion, (two things so relative and reciprocal to each other all over *Italy* and great part of *Gaule*, that you shall seldom see a Devotee without the attendance of her *Enamourato*, or a Man at his Prayers without mingling some pithy Ejaculations to the Saint that kneels by him) that they seem'd to have little else to do than to make seasonable applications to the Queens humour, as time and opportunity should give leave. The Count was a tall slender Man, well shap'd, black Ey'd, and quick, a large Nose, but thin Fac'd, facetious in his Discourse, and after the Italian way Musical; he had been well acquainted with *Messalina*, in *Italy*, and had without any signal reason to despair, made several addresses of Love to her; He was design'd and sent by the High Priest *Boanerges*, to make what efforts he could on the well known Inclinations of *Messalina*, though he came not so well provided but that it was generally thought the Queen defray'd even the expence of his Courtship: Father *Pedro* was to ply the other weak side of *Messalina*, and by his Insinuations of an implicit faith to be given to every thing, he should assert she was to use her utmost power and influence with *Lycogenes*, to promote and put in execution without reserve, whatsoever should be propos'd as advantagious to the Pagan Interest: This was the purport of their Commissions, which they were to manage with all the Discretion, Secresie, and Expedition imaginable.

The Queen happening to be indisposed a while after the Counts arrival at Court, he was necessitated to defer the
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payment of his private devoirs for four or five days, though the satisfaction her Majesty was pleased to express for his arrival, was thought to add much to her recovery ; She let him know about a Week after his coming, she was willing to receive his Visit that day after Dinner, and to avoid all inconveniency that might arise from the multiplicity of Attendance at the Pallace Royal, she takes her Chair privately, and crosses over to *St. Jacques*, a small half Mile from *Alba Regalis*, and retiring into her Closet, she withimpatience waited the coming of the Count, having before given Orders to admit him without Ceremony ; the Count by what mischance detained is uncertain, came not till two hours after the time appointed, and being conducted by *Aspasia*, one of the Queens Women to the Closet door, went in, and found *Messalina* thrown upon a Couch fast asleep, whereupon he stop'd, and being about to withdraw, the Queen awoke, and perceiving the Count, she started up in some seeming disorder : The Count fearing she was displeased to have been seen in that posture, was in great confusion whether to stay or go, till the Queen making up to him, said, ' My Lord, this is a piece of Gallantry in you extraordinary, ' to make a Lady wait thus long for your attendance ; I ' know not how you will be able to acquit your self from ' the justice of my resentment, of which heretofore you ' have expressed great apprehensions : The Count was so abash'd at this short but severe reprimand, that for a great while he could not make any reply ; but at last coming to himself he fell on his Knees and humbly implored her Majesties Pardon, telling her he hop'd her Majesty was not now to be convinc'd of his readiness to serve her with the utmost faculty of his Soul ; that she could not be insensible that the first time he had had the honour to see her in her own Country, he had made so entire a resignation of himself and his interest to her will and pleasure, that it was not now in his power to design any thing repugnant to her satisfaction, that he was too sensible of her

her Justice, to believe that one unfortunate error was able to blot out the remembrance of a thousand demonstrations past of the profound respect he always thought due to her ; that he hop'd his hearty repentance for this, would induce her not only to confirm his Pardon for the present, but to give him assurance of her good will for the future: The Queen, who all this while with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, had heard the Count thus zealous in his Apology for an error, she had resolved with a great deal less difficulty to have pardoned, stretching out her hand to the Count, told him roundly that she was sufficiently satisfied of his good inclinations towards her, that besides the recommendation of her Kinsman the High-Priest, his own personal merit had so wrought on her opinion, as to make her resolve to commit a Secret of the greatest importance to her Interest, that could be, to his management and discretion, that as she did already believe the sincerity of his Protestations, so she doubted the necessity of her Affairs, would in a little time cause her to exact his performance : The Count was about to reply, when Madam Marchioness de Tomazo, the Queen's chief Confident, and Father Pedro, were come into the withdrawing Room, and advancing up to the Closet, the Queen bid them enter, where after the usual Ceremony they fall into a deep Consultation ; the matter before them, was the means of advancing the Pagan Interest throughout *Albion*, and next the satisfaction of *Messalina's* Ambition, as to her continuance in the Regency in case *Lycegenes* (which was very much fear'd) should in a short time fail ; they were each preparing to deliver their Opinion in this weighty Affair, when news was brought that the King waited for *Messalina's* Company, to make a visit to the Queen Dowager ; *Messalina* before she departed, gave them in Charge to deliver in Writing to herself, within three days, their Opinions severally, and told them that within three days more she would have another Consult, wherein she

hoped they would come to a final Resolution: The Queen being gone, these three fell to deliberation on the points already propos'd; after a great many Arguments they conclude that nothing but the Queens having a Son, could in any humane probability secure both the Queens Power, and the Grandeur of their *Diana* and her Temples in *Albion* after the death of *Lycogenes*; for supposing, said they, (which is very much doubted) that *Lycogenes* live to bring in either by Fraud or Arbitrary Power, the *Pagans* Religion in his own time, yet the root it will take will be so slender and shallow, that one breath of the next Successor (being a Christian) will be able to blast it, and in the mean time there will be no provision made for the Queens satisfaction; and alas! cries the Marchioness, the Queen can no more hope for a young Son from *Lycogenes* now, than I can for a young Set of Teeth at threescore; the Count smil'd to himself at the quaintness of the Expression, and as he guess'd at what her discourse did tend to, so he could not but be glad that she had first broke the Ice: I presume, said Father *Pedro*, (addressing himself to the Lady) her Majesty upon a due Consideration of the Premises will not be offended at what shall be propos'd by her Friends in order to her future as well as present satisfaction; and because things of this nature may better be imparted to the Queen, by your Ladiship than by us, we shall refer our thoughts of this point to your Ladiships management: Upon this they parted, and the Count repairing to his Lodging, fell a ruminating on that days Transactions, he began to think his Master the High-Priest's business would come on very favourably; nor did he see any great reason to despair of some success in his own Amour, he consider'd how obligingly *Messalina* had entertain'd him in the Closet, and began to make some random Conjectures of what she said she had to deliver to him, he remember'd the reports that had been given about Town concerning himself, and how that the Queen had been pleas'd to say once, she believed

Count

Count *Davila* to be as capable of winning a Ladies favour as any man in *Europe*; he call'd to mind the Character *Messalina* went under in *Italy*, upon the account of the young Baron of *Sanctiſeré*, a Gentleman that was generally thought to have made *Effetual* Love to her; he could easily gueſs what entertainment ſhe had with the King her Husband, who beſide a failing contracted in his youth, had the heavy burthen of age and cares lying on him; he knew the Queen young and vigorous, and that the miſ-truſt ſhe had of the Nobility of *Albion* in all probability, did reſtrain her from making any advances of Intrigue or Amour with any of them; theſe and the like conſiderations made him reſolve to ſound *Messalina's* inclinations with the firſt opportunity, and in the mean time to preſs her to come to a reſolution concerning his Maſter. The next Night Father *Pedro* meets *Messalina* retiring into her Bed-chamber after Play, and the Queen ſtopping, asked what they had done in her buſineſs? *Pedro* told her he thought the Marchionefs had ere this imparted their Opinions to her Maſteſty, and implored her Maſteſty not to be offended with the freedom of their thoughts, ſince the preſent State of Affairs could not poſſibly admit of any milder Reſolutions: he laid before her the inſtability of her Fortune; the danger of her Perſon, the Age of *Lycogenes*, his Weakneſs, and Imperfection; he preſs'd her to conſider the merit of the thing, and how it would for ever advance the Intereſt of their Temples in *Albion*, and when ſhe objected her Honour and Credit, he told her, her Station was above even Suſpicion, for who durſt peep into the Cabinets of Princes? He told her he could propoſe methods as ſecret as pleaſant, and begg'd her not to defer a matter of ſuch conſequence, and which he fear'd every day might determine and make void: *Messalina*, whoſe natural temper had been long check'd by the ſtiff rules of Maſteſty and Greatneſs, began now to ſoften and melt at the pathetick Arguments of Father *Pedro*, and eagerly graſping him by the hand, told

him, That if ever she could condescend to any part of his discourse, it must be upon considerations more weighty than any of pleasure; That she wish'd she could live to see her Religion Re-established, and a Son of her own plac'd in the Throne of Albion; That she could not indeed without a great deal of trouble consider the faint Caresses and weak Efforts of the King her Husband; and confess'd, that though Glory and Greatness had gain'd the ascendent of her heart, yet she could not without a great deal of regret, resolve to bid defiance to all the other satisfactions of life; That though the high Quality of Lycogenes had rais'd her heart above the common Rank, yet she could not perceive but she was still subject to the common Failings of Flesh and Blood: The lascivious Priest, who all this while was tickling himself with the coming Temper of Messalina, supposing he had now rais'd her fancy, to the very Critical point indeed, was resolv'd to press the Discourse home; but some of the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber coming up, the Queen, without any more words, walk'd forward into her Bed-Chamber; Father Pedro at the same time retiring something dissatisfied with his supposed disappointment, was making what way he could to his Lodgings, but judging it not very late by the Company he saw yet stirring in the Court, he resolv'd to take a turn or two in the Galleries that lead to the descent into the Forrest of St. Jaques; he had just turn'd the Corner of the first Gallery, when a Young Lady makes up to him with all the haste and seeming Concern imaginable: O Sir, says she, my Lady has been in Bed almost this hour, and wonders extremely what should detain you so long, the Clock has struck One, and all the Court almost are in Bed: Here, Sir, I beseech you, take the Key, the Candle is in the Lobby; make as little noise as may be; you need not lock the Door; I'll be just step to the Countess of Thunderlands Lodging, and will be back in half an hour. Pedro was extremely startled at this Adventure, but judging (as indeed it was) some Amorous Affignation, and his Spirits by Messalina's Charming

Charming Discourse, being a little before rais'd, he was resolv'd to fill up the vacant place, and answer the Longing Ladies expectation; he was confident the Man design'd must be one of his own Tribe, for by the little glimmering of the distant Lights, he was sure the Maid could not mistake their Garbes, all that troubled him was to find the right Door. if the Maid should have gone before she had open'd it, and he durst not ask her Ladies Name for fear of suspicion: In short, he tells the Maid softly, *She must go back with him a little, for that he had some Business of Importance to leave with her till morning*; The Maid readily returns, and being just come to the Door, *he bids her make what haste she coult back, and he would defer his Business till then*. The Maid being gone, he opens the door and perceives they were of *Aspasia's* Lodgings, another of the Queens Confidants, and Wife to *Latroon* an Iberian Count, and lately made Vice-roy of that Kingdom by King *Lycogenes*. *Pedro* was well acquainted with the Lady, and remembred that Father *Sebastian* was reported to be very intimate with her. *Aspasia* was about the Thirty fourth Year of her Age, was always very Fair, had large Grey Eyes, very languishing and sweet, she had a very fine Carriage, *debonaire* in her Conversation, and Witty, a huge Lover of Intrigues, and insatiate in her Wantonness; She had formerly been Loyd by *Folydorus* King of the Gauls; as also by King *Lycogenes*, by whom she was first recommended to *Latroon* for a Wife; She seem'd to be the right hand of *Messalina*, who would unload her most secret Thoughts in her Bosom; She was a great Bigot in Paganism, and would often boast of the Vertues and good Nature of the Pagan Priests; She had, as it seems, been often Charm'd with the Conversation of Father *Sebastian*, and had that night, appointed him to come to her Chamber: Father *Pedro* knowing the Lodgings, shuts the Door, and immediately repairs, without Light, to *Aspasia's* Bed, who by this

time, with long Expectation, was fallen into a soft slumber; he locks the Door of her Bed-Chamber, and without stay, undressing, steals softly in, and clasping *Aspasia* in his Arms, she presently wakes; *Mademoiselle de Elvira's* Beds-head was near to *Aspasia's*, and separated only by a slight partition, which obliged them to whisper low; *Aspasia* fell a chiding the suppos'd *Sebastian* for his stay, and Wantonly tells him, *he ought not to have made her suffer Pennance before she had committed the Sin*; he answers her with Kisses and repeated Caresses, and in the intervals of their Amours, would whisper and chat of all the little Intrigues about the Court; Father *Pedro* asks her *how the Queen far'd, and whether Lycogenes had as yet been able to give her any assurance of a Son and Heir?* *Aspasia* sighing, Replies; 'Alack! *Lycogenes* his misfortune, together with *Messalina's* severe Vertue, she was afraid, would 'go near to ruine the fairest Hopes that ever the *Pargans* in *Albion* had, or would have while the Sun 'shone; and that unless some speedy Application 'and Remedy be us'd, that glimmering Light, which 'by the influence of *Lycogenes* they did at present enjoy, would with his Fall, be turned into everlasting 'Darkness: I know, my Dear *Sebastian*, said she, 'that *Messalina's* haughty Spirit alone, retards the 'Complement of all our Hopes: She has all the common Frailties of our Sex; She Loves, and she Confesseth too, and yet her mighty Pride restrains her 'Inclination: She last Night saw Count *Davila* pass by, 'when in a sort of Extasie, she grasp'd me eagerly, 'and cry'd; *Look, there's the Count, Aspasia*: 'And 'when the King once prest her to retire with him to Bed, 'she turns to me, and sighing, said, *We are going to sleep,* 'Aspasia. Nothing could add more to the satisfaction of Father *Pedro*, than this knowledge of the Queens Inclination; and though he had not been mentioned by

Aspasia

Aspasia to be any way in the Queens Thoughts, he was resolv'd, to push on his own Fortune, to watch the Counts steps, and to come in, if possibly, with him for a share in the Booty : *Aspasia's* Maid in the mean time being come back, and supposing *Sebastian* and her Lady safe together, was preparing her self for Bed ; she was just putting out the Candle when she heard a small knocking at the outward Door ; but supposing it to be only some of the Countesses of *Thunderland's* maids, considering she was to wake sometimes to let out Father *Sebastian*, she laid her self down without answering : The two Lovers, who by this time had trodden all the secret paths of Love, were now at length disposing themselves to sleep : *Aspasia*, whose thoughts were pleas'd with this Enjoyment of her supposed *Sebastian*, was quickly wrapt in Dreams and gentle Slumbers ; but Father *Pedro* was kept awake with the cares of managing this Nights Intrigue ; he was one while thinking to rise softly and get off without discovery, another while he hop'd by this accident, to render *Aspasia* instrumental & assistant to his design with the Queen ; he fear'd not any thing from *Sebastian's* discovery, since her Fortune was in his power ; besides, *Aspasia*, for her own sake, would be silent in the matter ; so that at last he resolves to stand it out, and without any more concern, turns himself about to his rest : In the morning early, *Cleone*, *Aspasia's* trusty Maid, gets up, and gives the signal at her Ladies door, to the suppos'd *Sebastian* to rise ; Father *Pedro* had taken care over-night to draw the Curtains close about, and clasping *Aspasia* in his Arms, he tells her he was mightily disturb'd in his sleep with a Dream concerning Father *Pedro* : 'Now you speak of Father *Pedro*, cries *Aspasia*, I can tell 'you, that of late he is mightily in favour with *Messalina* 'and the Count, and he seems to share all the favours of 'her good opinion ; and to speak the truth, Father *Pedro* 'has all the qualifications in the World, that may be requisite, for the Conquest of the most stubborn Ladies hearts ; 'for besides the advantage of a comely Face and Person,

' he has so many pretty ways of insinuating love and friend-
 ' ship that the Queen her self has told me, That next to
 Count *Davila*, she did not know a Person in the World so
 Charming in her Conversation as Father *Pedro*: , You
 ' speak reply'd the suppos'd *Sebastian*, so feelingly of the
 ' Merit of Father *Pedro*, that I have reason to fear & re-
 ' sent him as a Rival; & I can hardly assure my self I have
 ' reason to boast of your favours, till I can hear you speak
 ' with more indifferency of him. But tell me, my dear *Aspa-*
 ' *sia*, says he, how long have you observ'd *Messalina's* so ad-
 ' vantagious Opinion and Character of Father *Pedro*; the
 ' Count, indeed, as well for his former acquaintance in *Italy*,
 ' as for the Character he bears of the High-Priest's Legate
 ' here, may give him a pretence to some small share in
 ' *Messalina's* thoughts; but as there can be no such reason
 ' on the other side, so I cannot but wonder, by what Charm
 ' Father *Pedro* could so of a suddain advance himself into
 ' the favour of the Queen: Ask me no more, my dear, re-
 plies *Aspasia*, to tell what I am both by Honour & Interest
 obliged to conceal, & assure thy self that the same motive
 that induceth the Queen to respect Father *Pedro*, will oblige
 Father *Pedro* to be both thy Friend & mine, & all our pro-
 fession: ' Accept then, dear *Aspasia*, from this moment, says
 ' he, *Pedro's* assured Love & Friendship; *Pedro* can ne'r
 ' forget the favours of this night, Favours by Fate design'd
 ' alone for *Pedro*. At the pronouncing these last words, he
 rais'd his Voice a little, & withdrawing the Curtains, he
 at once discover'd the Counterfeit *Sebastian*, & the real
Pedro, *Aspasia*, who at the latter part of his Words, had
 perceiv'd not only the Deceit, but the Deceiver, seem'd to
 be in the greatest confusion imaginable, till Father *Pedro*
 first imploring her Pardon, told her, ' He was extreemly for-
 ' ry if he had rob'd her of the satisfaction of a more worthy
 ' Bed-fellow, that Fortune, and her maids unwitting impor-
 ' tunity, had prevail'd with him to lay hold of, & improve
 ' that lucky minute which his inclination, tho with despair,
 ' had often made him wish for, that by his future endeav-
 ' our

'ours & services, he hop'd to make her sensible that *Sis-
 'bastian* was not the only Man in the world worthy of her
 'favours ; and in the meantime he beg'd her impartially to
 'consider whether it could be in the power of Man to resist
 'so powerful Temptations, as yielding Beauty & perswasive
 'Opportunity, *Aspasia* having with abundance of Patience
 heard the wanton Priest's Apology, had by this time very
 well recover'd out of her amazement, & having first re-
 flected on the good Behaviour of the Priest in Bed, and
 the bad consequences that might arise from a discovery of
 this Nights Intrigue, she thought it her best way to make
 a virtue of necessity, and close with the Priest without
 farther jangling, she remember'd the Character she her self
 had given him, and had now experimented the height of
 his perfections, she could not perceive her self a looser by
 the change, nay, rather she had all the advantage of the
 bargain, nor could the strangeness of the accident afflict
 her, since the satisfaction of her life lay chiefly in Intrigues;
 having briefly run over these considerations to her self, she
 turns her self with a great deal of assurance to her Lover,
 and throwing her Arm about his Neck, she tells him, that
 since he had been an Ear witness of her good Opinion of
 him, she thought it now to no purpose to dissemble ; that
 though she had not design'd her favours for him at that
 time, yet she was too well satisfied of his merit to find
 fault with the error ; that if she apprehended any mis-
 fortune to her self, it was her fear that he had not found
 the treasure answerable to his hopes and expectations, and
 that consequently she might find her self, lessen'd in his
 good Opinion hereafter ; the crafty Priest, who by this
 nights Accident had, to his thinking laid a sure foundation
 to all his future Projects, hugs the well pleas'd Lady in
 his Arms ; and after a thousand reciprocal Wantonnesses,
 they swear an inviolable Friendship to each other : Father
Pedre, repeats to her all the Design & Project of advan-
 cing and setting 'the Pagan Interest during *Lycogenes* his
 Life, and engages her to press the Queen continually to

come to a speedy Resolution, as to the point of Regency and Succession; prevails with her to give him a faithful account from time to time of all Transactions between the Count and *Messalina*, as also to give him her Assistance in any matters he should propose hereafter; to all which *Aspasia* readily assents and solemnly swears; and now the Morning being much advanc'd, *Pedro* takes leave of *Aspasia*, and prepares to dress, when *Cleone* knocks at her Ladys Door, to know if she were stirring; *Aspasia* desires *Pedro* to retire into the Closet, and slipping on her Night Gown opens the door to *Cleone*; the Maid having a while before seen *Sebastian* with some Company walking in the Court Yard, merrily ask'd her Lady when the Lover got out, for that she had not seen him go; *Aspasia* fearing *Sebastian* might ask *Cleone* questions, thought it her best way to acquaint her with her own mistake, and bid her wait a while for her farther Instructions; the Maid had just retir'd to the Window of the Withdrawing-Room, when she streight runs back and tells her Lady she saw *Sebastian* in the Court below making towards her Lodgings, *Aspasia* in a great fright runs to the Closet, & desires *Pedro* to be silent and still, for that *Sebastian* was coming; Father *Pedro* who by this time had got himself dress'd, thought it would be tedious staying there, & immediately opens the Closet door and marches off, having just got to the door going into the Gallery, he pops just upon the Queen and Count *Davila* going to the Mosque at St. *Jagues*; *Sebastian* had got up among the Queens Retinue and had perceived Father *Pedro* coming out of *Aspasia's* lodgings, he began to ruminate with himself what business Father *Pedro* could have there, and at that time of day, and reflecting on *Aspasia's* loose Life, his jealousy prompted him to think that he had lost his Assignment, and had been supplanted the last Night by Father *Pedro*; *Sebastian* was but an Underling in the Priests Tribe in comparison of *Pedro*, but was of a haughty revengful humour; he was a lusty big Bon'd Man, and had an indifferent good Face, he was a Renegado Christian,

Christian, and had by the Influence and Promises of *Aspasia*, while she was in *Gaule*, been perverted to *Paganism*; he had had a long Amour with *Aspasia*, and by her means had been preferred to the Brotherhood of the *Pagan Priest*; upon his Jealousie aforesaid he immediately repairs to *Aspasia's* Lodgings, to try if he could make any Discovery; *Aspasia*, to prevent Questions, immediately chides him for his Disappointment, he tells her he came not so late but that *Cleone* might have heard him knock, *Cleone* makes a little falter in her Speech, and confirms *Sebastian* in his Suspicion, and resolving to be reveng'd, at least on Father *Pedro*, he clears up his look and falls a toying with *Aspasia*, and owns himself to blame for staying past the time: In the mean while Father *Pedro* having mingled among the Queens Retinue, perceived that *Messalina* and the Count, by the distance that the Attendants kept, were in private Discourse, and guessing at the subject of it, he thought it the best not to interrupt them, so turning short he retir'd to his own Lodgings; Count *Davila* having, according to his last Resolutions, waited with a diligence for an Opportunity to try the temper and designs of *Messalina*, had that morning upon pretence of imparting some News to her, which he had lately received from *Italy* and *France*, been to wait on the Queen, who, after some extraordinary marks of her Satisfaction for his Presence, ask'd him to attend her to St. *Jaques*: This kind Reception and Invitation, confirm'd the Count in his Resolutions of discovering his Love, and pressing on the main Business, so that he readily ushers the Queen through the Lodgings to her Chair, and in one of her Coaches follows her to St. *Jaques*, where waiting in the Antichamber till the Queen had done her Devotions at the Mosque, he was sent for by *Messalina* to her Closet. The Count was so confounded between Hope and Fear, that he trembled all over when he went in; he was considering what the Consequences of his Attempt might be, if by his overweening Fancy he should have misinterpreted the Free-

dom of *Messalina's* Humour; it amaz'd him to think of the Dangers he should lay himself open to, in owning Love to the Wife of a potent Monarch, if she were pleased to put a bad Construction on it, and in the least resent it; such were the Doubts and Fears of the Count before he came to the Queen: But alas! these glooming Thoughts were soon blown over, for *Messalina* very graciously receiving him at the Closet-door, and with an extraordinary Gayety giving him her Hand, after a Turn or two, seated her self on a Couch, and commanded the Count to sit by her, and turning to him, asked him merrily, *What News?* The Count by this time was come to himself, and with abundance of assurance, grasping her Majesties Hand, told her, 'That the Fame of her Majesties Beauty and Merit had so taken up the Hearts of the People of *Albion*, that were ever he came, he could hear no other Discourse. 'Well, my Lord, *replies the Queen*, I thank you for your Complement, and though I am ignorant of the People of *Albion's* thoughts of me, I dare presume, my Character passes with advantage enough in your Opinion. 'It is now my Misfortune, *replies the Count*, not to be able to express the sincerity of my Zeal to your Majesties Service any otherwise than in words, and that Severity with which your over nice Vertues treats all your Admirers, limits and restrains the innocent freedom even of them: 'I must confess, *continued he*, the high Station, Fortune and Merit have settled you in, may with Reason render your Majesty regardless of any proffer of Service from me; yet since the necessity of your Affairs (as sometimes of the greatest Princes in the World) require the advice and assistance of your Subjects and Friends, I hope your long Experience of my Truth and Love, may now prevail with your Majesty to make me the happy Instrument of your future Satisfaction.

The Queen, who by the several Remonstrances of her three Counsellors had been both press'd and convinc'd of the danger of her Affairs, and being partly overcome by the Solici-

Solicitations and Endearments of the Count in particular, resolv'd now to give a loose to her natural Inclinations, and thereupon turning to the Count, in a soft languishing Tone she replied, *I must at length, dear Davila, confess my own Frailty and thy Power, my haughty mind I see at last will sleep, and thou art born to be my Conqueror*: The Count, who was all this while in a Rapture, throwing himself at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, extolling his own good Fortune and her happy Resolutions; he gave her Ten thousand Thanks for her preference and good Opinion of him before any of the Nobles in the Court of *Albion*, that his whole thoughts and endeavours should be employ'd to make good her Expectation, and he did not doubt but she should in a little time find her self thoroughly disengaged from all sorrowful Apprehensions: This minutes Condescension & Freedom, had so emboldened and assured *Messalina's* Heart, that raising the Count, who at every word was pressing and kissing her fair Hand, she threw her Arms about his Neck, and in amorous Sighs and Murmurs she whisper'd her Wishes in his Ears; Ten thousand times she kiss'd his Lips and Eyes, while with his busie hand he rov'd over all the Fields of Love, sometimes with eager hast he'd climb the Snowy Hills of Pleasure, and then as quick retire down to the Vallies and Fountain of Delight and Love; Dear Davila, in Rapture would she cry, *Divine Messalina*, would he reply; *Ah! can you--- will you now refuse*, said he; *Ah! do not-- do not ruin me*, said she; But the Count, who through *Messalina's* Eyes saw the temper of her Heart, resolv'd not to slip this lucky Opportunity, and turning first to make the door secure, he like a hungry *Lyn* seizes his trembling Prey, & in his Arms conveys her to the other side of the Closet, and throwing her gently on the Couch thereby, in eager Raptures he lays open and unfolds her secret Treasure, and rifles all the Stores of Love and Beauty: And now *Messalina* having tasted the difference between a vigorous Lover and a feeble King, clasping! er yet panting *Davila* in her Arms, 'I shall indeed be happy now, said she, unless the Stars

'and Heaven conspire against me, I feel at length my Crown
 'sit fast upon me, & now my Fate is disengaged from the
 'weak slender Thread of poor *Lycogenes's* Life, my Soul at
 'length will reach its proper Sphere, & I shall with Pride
 'look down and see my malicious Enemies bowing to my
 'Royal Posterity ; no more shall proud *Albion* rejoyce over
 'the Age & Weakness of the King my Husband, no more
 'Triumph over my barren modesty ; thou my dear *Davila*
 'shalt make their Yoake, & with a gordian Knot, I'll tie it
 'on their Necks ; I am big my dear already with the Joy,
 'and doubt not a happy result of our undertakings. The
 Count, who all this while lay ravish'd with his Victory, was
 running over the whole Series of her Charms, one while
 he reflected on her high Quality & Station, then her Beau-
 ty, Riches, and Love, did so confound his Sences, he could
 hardly convince him self his Happiness was real ; sometimes
 he'd of a sudden grasp her hands, embrace & kiss, doubting
 it was all vision, dream & Fancy : Thus in these Transports
 did they dally out the time, till trusty *Aspasia* gave notice
 at the door, that *Lycogenes* was come into the Forrest, and
 probably designed for St. *Jacques* ; this News strait rouz'd
 the slumbring wanton Lovers, & hasten'd the Counts de-
 parture: The Count conjures her to bless him speedily
 with such another opportunity ; which with a thousand
 Kisses she assures him, & so he takes his leave ; he had not
 well got away before Mad. Marchioness *de T-mazo* came
 up, & finding the Queen in a very pleasant humour, thought
 to engage her in some discourse concerning their last Con-
 sultations ; the Marchioness being a great Bigot in the *Pa-*
gan Principles, had been influenc'd by Father *Pedro* to stand
 his Friend privately, in gaining the Queens Favour upon
 this juncture, and by his subtle Insinuations had been de-
 luded into her Opinion, that it would be much more meri-
 torious for the Queen in the case before propos'd, to make
 use of the endeavours of a holy Man, and that it was pro-
 bable their business might better succeed if the Operation
 were begun by a sanctified Person ; these and the like insi-
 nuations

insinuations had prevail'd with the blind Zealot to assure the lustful Priest of her Assistance and Interest, and accordingly finding *Messalina*, as is aforesaid, in a jaunty humour, she thought it now a fit time to move the business.

So moving up to *Messalina*, she said, 'Tis not a little satisfaction to me, to see your Majesty at this time so pleasantly dispos'd; and as I do believe it proceeds from some considerable cause, so I shall receive it as a peculiar obligation from your Majesty, if I might be made either a partaker or an assistant of your Joy. *Thou shalt be both, my dear Tomazo*, reply'd the Queen, *and I shall give thee reason to tax my Justice and my Friendship, should I let thee participate only of my Sorrows*; No, no, my dear Tomazo, since by thy advice chiefly my satisfaction came, 'twould be unreasonable not to let thee taste the fruit of thy own works; I have at last overcome that subtle Disputant, Honour; I have reconcil'd those nice points of flashy Reputation, and begin to taste the solid pleasure of Interest and Ambition: I shall be a Queen now indeed, my dear Tomazo; the Count, the Count, Tomazo, will make me a Glorious Powerful Queen: Rejoyce, rejoyce Tomazo, and let the Pagans of Albion all rejoyce; Mahomet now will surely hear our Prayers, the time will now draw near for our deliverance: Oh! that my Youth and Beauty should be thus long Curs'd to trifle with Age, and State Impotency: Oh! How I nauseate my former Resolutions, when every scrupulous thought of Honour lost me an Age of pleasure: Forgive my Indiscretion, would she cry, when with an awful Frown I'de check thy good advice: How have I fretted, when in thy long and grave Debates thou wouldst urge the necessity of——— I thought Majesty could live without Support, vainly believing I could curb the Politician, as the Lover with my Frowns: Forgive me, dear Tomazo, since at last I am reclaim'd. The Count, my Dear, the Count will make us happy. The Marchioness, tho' amaz'd at this extraordinary humour of the Queen could not however, but guess how affairs stood; and though she had been pretty well satisfied of the Queens Resolutions to surrender, yet she thought she would have spent a little

more time in Capitulation ; however, since the main design was in all probability answer'd, she thought she could do no more than be sorry that the Count had outleap'd her Friend Father *Pedro*, and yet upon better consideration she did not believe it impossible, if matters between the Count and the Queen did not speedily answer her expectation, but that she might be able at last to make good Father *Pedro's* pretensions.

The Queens thoughts were all this while taken up with the Count, upon whose Name, in sundry Raptures, she would often call ; *Oh ! my dear Davila ; my Life, my Soul, my Deliverer, my Protector*, would she cry, till the Marchioness, making up to her, broke off her Contemplations, by telling her it was late, and ask'd her whether she would go back to *Alba Regalis* ? *Ay, any where*, reply'd the Queen, *so Davila be there*. The King, who all this time was walking in the Forest, had been consulting and discoursing with the Count of *Thunderland* and another, about establishing the Pagan Interest in *Albion*, he was deploring his unhappiness in the want of an Heir, and fear'd all his Endeavours, without one, would prove ineffectual. The wicked Priest, and other corrupted Ministers about him, had buzz'd the Necessity and the Merit of this so far, that Good Prince, he told them, *He would be no way wanting to the furtherance and propagation of his Religion in his Kingdom*. These Blood hounds presently snapt at his Gracious Condescension, and Communicate the same to *Messalina*, The Queen, who was Conscious how far a stroke she had made towards the accomplishment of their desires, and her own Ambition, told them, *She would leave all things to the advice and will of the King her Husband ; that she did not altogether despair of the Blessing of the Gods, and of Bearing a Son yet to her dear Lycogenes ; but that at the same time she did verily believe, that if the Powers above were not pleas'd to raise unto her a Son of her own so inherit the Crown of Albion, and so re-settle the Pagan Religion there, nevertheless she could not in Conscience*
think

think her self disengaged from her utmost Endeavours to advance it by some other extravagant means; but as her first Hopes were not altogether as yet in vain, so she could not descend to particulars as to the other. The subtle Priests, who saw both the Cunning and the Zeal of *Messalina* in this answer, went away with all the satisfaction imaginable, concluding now they had nothing more to do than to prescribe a due method for the management of a *supposititious Birth*, in case the *Queen*, which they extremely fear'd should fail in her hopes, as they suppos'd, of *Lyco-genes*. But alas! poor Wretches; they shot extravagantly wide of *Messalina's* thoughts, while she could not choose but laugh, to think how pleasantly she had cajol'd them; She had had too long an experience of the Capacity of *Lyco-genes* her Husband, to hope for the least encouragement or performance from him; and she had too lately found and approv'd the difference between the *Count* and the *King*, to think of leaving her business unfinished, or repenting the change she had made: No, no, she was so far from relying on the Weakness of her Husband, that she was now continually employ'd, in contriving Opportunities to meet and entertain the *Count*; and the satisfaction she had received at her last Conference with him, had so enliven'd her hopes of an answerable Success, that among her Confidants she would talk very assuredly of the Business, and would many times be Calculating the hour and time of her Delivery, as if she had known her self with Child by Inspiration. But alas! these were only the flights of a passionate Zeal, for when her more lucid Intervals would give her judgment scope, and free consideration, she found her principles too weak to infer so weighty Conclusions, and was loath to let her hopes rest on so weak a foundation. No doubt the *Count* had been as obliging as a Man under those circumstances could be expected, and the vast temptations of Honour & Riches, besides the enjoyment of so Beautiful a Lady as *Messalina* really was, had without dispute put a double Edge on his Vigour and her Expectation, but notwithstanding

her own mighty Faith, she resolv'd to have a repeated mixture of his good Works, and accordingly send him a small Billet by *Aspasia* to this purpose, '*Lycogenes* designs within these two hours to go to *W——* and will not be back till to morrow, I design to go up the River, and lie to night at *R——d*, my Retinue will be very small; and perh aps I may wish for Company. I'll leave you to guess who would be most greatful to *Messalina*. The Count receives the Summons with Joy; and with all speed and secrecy prepares for the Assignation. The Queen took nobody but *Aspasia* and the *Marchioness de Tomazo* with her: Within an hour after her Arrival comes the Count; the Ladies know their Duty, and discreetly retire; *Davila*, whose long ing Appetite had, by his first delicious tast been encreased, now gluts himself in *Messalina's* Charms, while her officious Fancy builds worlds of Pleasure for her self, and vainly flutters her with lasting Satisfaction: Oh! how she'd dote and rave, and kiss, then sigh'd, and in soft Murmurs wish, and wish, and then abruptly cease, and hide her blushing amorous Looks in the Count's Bosom: Thus did they dally out the winged hours, till *Aspasia* came and told them, the Countess of *Thunderland* with another Lady, were Landed, and coming to wait on her Majesty; *Messalina* fearing they would stay all Night, as indeed they designed, and not knowing how to bestow the Count, thought it best to go back to *Alba Regalis* that Night, and accordingly gives order for her Gally with all speed; and meeting the Countess on the stair-head, told her, She was just on her return, and giving her her hand, they immediately take Water and away: The Count also about an hour after, takes a small *Gondola* and follows. At this rate did the Count and *Messalina* correspond for two or three Months, and no hopeful appearance yet of what they had with so much assurance promised themselves. The Count, even in *Messalina's* Judgment, had acquitted himself with all the Bravery imaginable, and *Messalina* had not been wanting in her Endeavours to bring about a Business of so great Importance

portance to her Interest: She grieves, He wonders, at so strange a Disappointment, they mutually encouraging one another, they fall to fresh Endeavours, and love, & wish, and promise, but still in vain: *Messalina* had during this Amorous Juncture, considered both her Pleasure and Interest, but finding that the feeding on the one would starve the other, she told the *Count* frankly, That she saw plainly her Misfortune, and that she must of necessity have recourse to some more immediate Remedy; that as she had intrusted him with all her Secrets, so she doubted not of his best Advice and Concurrence in a Matter she should propose, that she should still retain her good Opinion of him, and wholly imputed the Disappointment to Defects of her; That however she must make the best of her Affairs, and help out by Art what Nature had deny'd: She put him in mind of their Consult and Resolution, & that nothing but a Son and Heir could secure her Honour, and settle the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion*, she did therefore desire him forthwith to summon a Convention of two or three discreet Priests, together with himself, *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness*, and some few stanch Courtiers, to propose Methods for the due management to this grand Concern, and to engage *Lycogenes* to consent to, and further, not only this, but whatsoever else they should in their Wildoms think agreeable and necessary for the Advance of *Paganism* and the Extirpation of the *Christians* throughout *Albion*.

The End of the FIRST PART.

THE
Second Part
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Messalina
Late Queen of *ALBION*;
WHEREIN
The Secret Court Intrigues of the Four
last Years Reign are further pursu-
ed; Particularly the
IMPOSTURE
OF THE
CHILD.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident of
Q. MESSALINA.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689

The Bookseller to the Reader.

IT cannot be denied with how much Applause the First Part of this History has been received in the World, according to the merits of it; which is in part demonstrable, from the Account most Booksellers give of their being daily importun'd for the Second Part, and there having been but one Party appear'd against it, viz. the Pagans of Albion, the Publisher begs to be excus'd for being so Dilatory in Compleating the History, not being able to bring in the Secrets of the LEAGUE, the Amours of MESSALINA and Polydorus, and other Intrigues of the Gothick Court into this Part, on the account the Translator hath lain under great Indisposition of Body, for near these three Weeks past, and it was not thought advisable to interpose the stile of any other; but he being now on the mending hand, you may expect the Third Part, which Compleats the whole History, with all the speed imaginable; and he hopes it will prove in this as it does in Mistresses, whose put-offs and delays in matters of possession, does but more whet on the Gallants Appetites; so that when they have once attained to Injoyment, it becomes so Ravishing that their Lovers fancy themselves amply rewarded for all their forbearance and expectation.

The Second P A R T.

THE *Pagans* of *Albion*, had from the beginning of the Reign of *Lycogenes* with great assurance expected some happy, and speedy overtures for their eternal settlement in this Kingdom; Nor had *Lycogenes* himself been wanting in his endeavours to over rule or destroy all that pretended to oppose, or question his proceedings against the Fundamental Rights of his Christian Subjects, he had already remov'd the most of them from all Places of Trust, & contrary to the known Laws of the Land, had introduced Persons, by the said Laws incapable to Serve; he had Rais'd and kept up an Army compos'd of Mercenary's and Forreigners, not only to Terrify, but upon the first happy occasion to Oppress all that should contradict his Resolutions, he had for the first three Years of his Reign, carry'd all things with so high a hand, that the People of *Albion*, from the highest to the lowest, were in a strange Confusion to think of the dismal consequences that would necessarily flow from such Arbitrary Proceedings, and tho' they had by the subtle Insinuations of a Court Party of Divines, been Poyson'd with that pernicious position of Passive Obedience, yet they could not without a great deal of regret behold all the fences and inclosures of their Laws & Liberty's thrown down & trampl'd on, & be oblig'd to hold their Lives & Estates on so precarious Terms as the will & discretion of an Antichristian pack'd Council: what related to the private satisfaction of the King's humour they did with all humility, and unexpected alacrity submit and yield to,

but

but when it was plain that the whole Kingdom was Design'd and Resolv'd a Sacrifice, to the Interest and Ambition of a few wicked Councillours, and a small party of Men, that had been by publick Acts of the Realm declar'd the Inveterate and Irreconcilable Enemies of all Christians but chiefly of the *Albinites*, they then began to search into the measures of their submission, and diligently to enquire how far they were obliged to pay Obedience to the Commands of their Magistrates and Governours; and really upon the scrutiny they plainly perceiv'd their own weakness, and the Imposition of their Enemies, who by this subtile Doctrine had ensnar'd them to set their Hands to, and Sign as it were their own Destruction, several of the Great and Wisest Men in the Kingdom, had been Debating on this Subject, and all concluded in an acknowledgment of their weakness in so manifestly exposing themselves and their Country to the Capricious Humours, or Tyrannical Principles that very often are found in the Greatest Princes, and therefore thought from their very Souls they wish'd all happiness imaginable to their King and Governour, yet they thought their duty stretch'd too far on the Tenterhooks, when by a blind submission to irregular Commands they were oblig'd to forego the natural principles of self preservation, and that by seeking officiously to add to their Loyalty they must necessarily detract from their Judgments, Consciences, and Honesty: But *Lycogenes*, who by a diligent scrutiny, and long experience of the Natures of the People of *Albin*, - (to his great satisfaction) knew how effectually the Doctrine of *No-resistance* (which he and his party with great Zeal and industry had insinuated and promoted) had wrought on his Christian Subjects, thought he had laid a very sure foundation for the Introduction of those Novelties and Abuses we have since had impos'd on us, and was by the assiduous Instigations of his *Pagan* Councillours prevail'd upon to resolve the total Extermination, or at least enslaving of the Christian Hereticks, as he call'd them, in his Dominions, and fearing that all he could do in his own Life time, would be in-

sufficient to assure and establish the *Pagan* Faction and Interest, unless he could find such a Successour as should confirm and strengthen what he should now begin, upon these Considerations, I say, he was easily wrought on to consent to anything his Counsellours should propose for the benefit and establishment of *Paganism* in the said Kingdom, and now what more remain'd, than that the Priests consult and find the most convenient and speedy means to secure their own Interest to indulge *Messalina's* Ambition, and to sooth *Lycogenes* his Bigotted Zeal: Several ways were propos'd, and some time spent in Arguments and Debates before they could come to a final Resolution.

The Christians of *Albion*, by several Acts of their General Diets, had their Laws, their Liberties, and their Religion secur'd to them, and in all, or most of their Assemblies for one hundred years past, they had one or other express Law against *Paganism*, though none did so thoroughly disable and lessen their interest in *Albion* as that commonly call'd the *Test*; and though some good *Christian Dissenters* from the Church of *Albion*, were therein severely included, yet they were chiefly intended for the discouragement and suppression of that pernicious Sect of *Pagans* in *Albion*, *Lycogenes* his private Counsel therefore propos'd the taking away these *Tests*, as a necessary Preliminary for the introduction of *Paganism*; the Project indeed was good, but how to bring it about, was the difficulty, for besides that the general Diet would hardly be induc'd to abrogate those very Laws which some of them so lately had stickl'd for and promoted, and such Laws whereon their own and the Kingdoms security seem'd more immediately to depend (the *Pagans* having in all Reigns been proved the irreconcilable Enemies and malicious designs against the peace and welfare of the Christians in *Albion*) besides, I say, this difficulty, they were oblig'd to gain the consent of Prince *Anaximander* and the Princess *Artemisia*, the Presumptive Heiress of the Crown, for the Abrogation of the said Laws, and this indeed was the great business that struck with *Lycogenes*,

res for as to what concern'd the Election of such Members as should serve his turn in the next General Assembly, he bid them take no care, for he was sure he could by his influence procure such Persons return'd as should effectually answer his utmost expectations : With all speed therefore persons are employ'd to negotiate with the Prince and Princess for their consent aforesaid, and to lay before them the sincerity of His Majesty's Intentions in that matter, and that his Majesties Great and only Aim was for the more general accomodation of all his Dissenting Subjects, and that as their Highnesses could not believe that his Majesty would resolve on any thing to their prejudice, so he did not in the least doubt of their Highnesses ready concurrence in so pious an undertaking ; but alas poor *Lycogenes* and his Pensionary Counsel had far overshot themselves, when they believed so Wise a Prince as *Anaximander* could be so barefacedly decoy'd into an assent to a matter so necessarily and plainly prejudicial to his own and his Princesses interest as well as to a Kingdom and People, they had reason to respect and take care of as their future loving Subjects, and present hearty Friends, they were not unacquainted with the measures *Lycogenes* had taken from the beginning of his Reign, so directly contrary to the Princess his Daughters Interest, and pernicious and destructive to the Christians, and that by pure force he had already obtruded so many Illegal things on his said Christian Subjects, that he wondered *Lycogenes* could pretend to make him or his Princess Instruments of their further oppression and misery ; such were the Princess resentments, and such was the result of *Lycogenes* his endeavours to make him and his own Daughter Parties for the Subversion of Christianity in *Albion* ; and now immediately a grand Consult is called to consider of *Anaximander's* resolutions, and some other way to promote the grand concern : In the mean time *Messalina* had been tormenting her self with the Apprehensions of her utter disappointment ; for though she had kept a constant correspondence with the *Conings*, she could

Not yet perceive her Affairs go on so prosperously as she had promised to her self, and the loss of so much time, to her Ambition, did very much qualifie the satisfaction she received in her Amour ; however, though she had *promised* to repair to Art and Policy, to supply the *present defects of Nature*, she could not resolve to abandon the Love and Service of the *Count*. Nay, upon mature consideration, she concluded, that the continuation of her Amour with him, could not be any way prejudicial to the other design they were now undertaking ; for supposing she should really *conceive* any considerable time after the Feigned report of her being with Child, the absurdity of the report of this could not any way be prejudicial to the real truth of the other, the assured Birth of a Prince being all that could be expected or desir'd ; and consequently, any reflections on the other would vanish as a mistake, which Women in such cases are very often subject to. The *Marchioness de Tomazo*, would daily encourage her belief of succeeding and promised her assistance, by imparting to her a Secret to help Conception ; the *Queen* was wonderfully pleas'd, even with the Flattery of the old Matron ; but for fear of the worst, was resolv'd to have the other Project speedily set on foot, she went to the Kings Appartments immediately to hear what they had resolv'd on, and how it was agreed to be manag'd, where she found the Trusty Cabal in hot and close Debate : She had order'd *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness de Tamazo*, and Father *Pedro* to be there, and *Lycogenes* had introduc'd the *Count* and *Poliorchetes* the Chief Commissioner of his *Court of Conscience*, having experienc'd his Fidelity in matters of the greatest Importance, and had rais'd him to that high Station meerly to be an instrument in his future undertakings.

Lycogenes upon the Arrival of the *Queen* arose, requiring the Company not to separate till they had wholly concluded on the means and manner of new modeling and settling the Kingdom of *Albion* ; the *Queen* likewise, as soon as she had seated her self, commanded them to give her an
account

account of their Proceedings. *Polyornetes* the Chancellor then rising and making a profound reverence to the *Queen*, deliver'd his Opinion thus : ' It is not unknown, *Mighty Sovereign*, how zealous I have been in bringing about and ' promoting whatsoever might be thought advantageous to ' your Interest; nor do I now presume to recount my ' Services for any other purpose than to manifest my grati- ' tude and willingness to engage again and again for ever ' on any action and design *your Majesties*, or this Honour- ' able Board, shall think meet to prescribe; I know the ' Wisdom of this Noble Company, cannot be wanting to ' appoint such Rules as shall for ever secure the *Pagan In-* ' terest in *Albion*, and satisfy *your Majesties* utmost expecta- ' tion; notwithstanding since the nature of my Employ- ' ments, and some years strict enquiry into the Ways and ' Inclinations of the People of *Albion*, may with reason ' have render'd me capable of Judging of the most secure, ' and convenient ways to deal with them. I shall not be ' thought vain, I presume freely, to deliver my Opinion in ' this Matter. The *Albionites*, where they have received ' Graces or Favours from their Princes, are like the wanton ' As in the Fable, ready to leap on their Master, and by ' the incongruement of two or three benefits, they sawci- ' ly approach him with their ill natur'd Jeasts, and constant- ' ly pester him with their rude Importunities; but when ' too much Indulgence has rendred them Insupportable, do ' but show them the Rod, and like Children they shrink, ' and with patience submit to the Justice of your Correcti- ' on; You remember their Insolence in *Perkin's* Rebellion, ' when with unbounded Blasphemy they would threaten ' the Safety and Honour of our Royal Master, and yet the ' Sword of Justice was no sooner unsheath'd against them, ' but with horror they fly, and call even to the Mountains ' to cover them; you have heard with what patience they ' submitted to their Tryals, and reproached even my ' Sentence with their Base Servile Sufferings, my ad- ' vice therefore is to follow the example of the Great *Poly-*

'dorus, to get an Army of Pagans from Iberia and Goth-
 'land, and so to Dragoon them into a civil compliance.
 'Oh! that every year would produce a Western Expe-
 'dition, I'd soon rid the Kingdom of all our Antagonists,
 'and make every Circuit more Terrible than any Inquisi-
 'tion; we have too long nursed them with the Milk of
 'our Affection, and like the profligate Israelites they grum-
 'ble at their Manna. Albion has Surfeited on Ease and
 'Prosperity, and the Favour can't abate but by letting of
 'Blood, let us make a full Harvest of these Hot-headed
 'Christians (as they boast themselves) and at once root
 'out these obstinate Disturbers of our Peace: The Queen,
 'who was naturally of a malicious sullen Temper, and
 'who was not ignorant how stubborn and averse the Albi-
 'nites were to her Interest, had heard Poliorchetes speak
 'with abundance of satisfaction, but being willing to hear
 'what the rest would propose, giving thanks to the Chan-
 'cellor, she expected with impatience their Thoughts and
 'Opinions. When Pedro rising up, said, he could not
 'but Applaud the Zeal and Opinion of Poliorchetes, and
 'wish'd that his design could be as easily executed as pro-
 'pos'd, that his aversion and malice to the Christians of
 'Albion had inspir'd him with such desires of Revenge,
 'that with Nero he wish'd they had all but one Neck, and
 'that he among his Fraternity, did not doubt to find thous-
 'ands that would strive to be their Executioners, but that
 'to his sorrow he fear'd the Chancellors project, however
 'well design'd, would not be feasible, for besides the A-
 'larm that Forreign Auxiliaries would raise throughout
 'the Kingdom, the natural antipathy, that the Albionites
 'hath both to the Gauls, and Iberians was such, that they
 'would incontinently rise to Rebel and Destroy them,
 'and that if those Forreigners should fail in their Attempt,
 'the reproach of the design would be wholly thrown on
 'Lycogenes and his Court, and that it would beget so im-
 'placable a malice in the Hearts of the Albionites (who
 'were most of them Christians) that he might justly fear

' a general revolt, and thereby the total ruin of the *Pagan*
 ' Interest in *Albion* for ever; his Opinion therefore
 ' was, that they should rather ensnare and delude them,
 ' and so at advantage cut them off and destroy them; 'tis
 ' known, said he, how wonderfully our Fraternity have
 ' promoted the *Mahometan* Interest by their subtle and secret
 ' Plots and Contrivances; have not we by fomenting and
 ' raising Divisions between the Regular and Dissenting
 ' *Christians* in *Albion* more weakened the strength of the
 ' pretended Reformato's than ever *Polydorus* by his Dra-
 ' goons or Contributions? *Albion* (with submission to the
 ' Chancellor) is not by publick Hostility to be forc'd, they
 ' are valiant in their Natures, and Stubborn in their Princi-
 ' ples, and though the hopeful Doctrine of *Passive Obedi-*
 ' *ence* and *Sweet Non-resistance* has been useful unto us, and
 ' lull'd them for a while, yet it may be dangerous to raise
 ' those *sleeping Lyons* within them, lest we too late repent
 ' our over-sond Credulity, and to our sorrow feel the effects
 ' of their *Resentments*; set your Policies on work if you
 ' wish to prevail, and if you must *strike* let it be in the
 ' dark; we all of us know we are Sick, and out of Order,
 ' but few of us consider the root and cause of our Distemp-
 ' er, all disinterested Persons would think at first view,
 ' that we were now in a hopeful way of thriving; we
 ' have a King not only a *Pagan* and our Friend, but Zealous
 ' and resolv'd to go through with his work; but alas, is
 ' resolution sufficient without means? 'Tis true, by his
 ' power he can secure us for a while; but what will that
 ' signify to a lasting satisfaction? How do our Enemies
 ' wait and gape for his Death? And with the hopes of re-
 ' venge after his dissolution they patiently submit to their
 ' present Impositions; we know the main Pillars whereon
 ' they all lean. *Anaximander* and *Artemesia* are their delight
 ' and their hope; the Princess *Phindelpia* waits too in
 ' reversion, and from these there do spring all our fears
 ' and misfortunes, and I and my Brethren bear the Title
 ' of our great Prophet, and suffer his Cause to be shaken.

'by the weak intercession of *three single Lives*; Oh Holy
 'Loyala! our first Holy Patron and Founder, how would
 'thy mighty Spirit fret and grieve within thee shouldst
 'thou see the *degenerate baseness* of thy unworthy Follow-
 'ers? Where are the Records of all our Glorious Heros
 'that have trod on the Necks of Emperors, and pierc'd
 'the Hearts of Kings, to propagate and vindicate our Ho-
 'ly Religion? Can we forget *Borgia, Clement, Ravillac*
 'and other who have freely Sacrific'd themselves for their
 'Religion, and for reasons less considerable than ours,
 'and can we tamely remit all our present Advantages, and
 'be baffled of our *future hopes*, by the weak puffy opposi-
 'tion of *three petty Pretenders*? No, no, continued he, let
 us lay hold on the *present* opportunity, and at once finish our
 wish'd for deliverance. These *three* must fall a Sacrifice to
 our Prophet, and from the removal of that cause will all
 our other Apprehensions cease.

Father Pedro had always bore such reputation with *Ly-*
genes and *Messalina*, that they look'd on his Counsels little
 inferior to Oracles, and though the execution of them had
 always prov'd prejudicial, through their great violence, to
 the Pagan Interest, yet they could not but value the sincerity
 of his meaning, and always applauded his wise apprehensi-
 ons; they knew his proposals in this Zealous Oration were
 very consonant to reason, and agreeable to their interest;
 but knowing that the Eyes of all *Europe* were upon these
 three Princes, and that the least baseness and imposition
 upon them would engage all *Christendom* in their quarrel,
 they could not so readily conclude, or resolve upon any vi-
 olence against their Persons; besides, Pedro in a small A-
 pology afterwards insinuated to the Company, the incon-
 veniencies of letting the King know any thing of this Pro-
 ject, if happily they should all agree upon it. For (said
 he) though I know *Lycogenes's* Zeal would make him over-
 look a thousand difficulties, yet Nature and Conscience could not
 with any decency or reason be suppos'd capable of being so wholly
 obliterated as to consent to any barbarity upon the persons of his

own Children; but again, what may prove a sufficient ground of scruple in him, may at the same time leave us free and disinterested from every thing and person that stands in opposition to our designs. The Company however upon the Considerations aforesaid, were very unwilling to engage in *Pedro's* Resolutions or Proposals, and incontinently desired the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, to give her Opinion of this grand Affair. The *Marchioness*, who had been a Woman of Amour most of her time, and who now, though Age had ungenerously depriv'd her of the Power to please, was very fond and ambitious of being thought a Woman of Intrigue, had heard the violent Counsels, and Proposals of the Chancellor and Father *Pedro* with a great deal of Impatience and Displeasure; she could not digest those rough and hard terms of cutting of Throats, Poysoning or Assassinations, she had been always us'd to Amorous Sighs, Billet doux, and Assignations; therefore rising and making her Compliment to *Messalina*, and giving a hard look on *Poliorchetes* and *Pedro*, she thus began: 'Tis not without the greatest regret imaginable, that I find my self obliged to contradict person whose known wisdom and experience in the world may with reason claim an entire submission of judgment from me, and though the command and service of her Majesty, may sufficiently apologize for the freedom and liberty of my Opinion, yet I doubt not from the nature of the business in hand to prove that what both these honourable persons have delivered as their Opinions, if followed, will be inconsistent with the safety of her Majesty, prejudicial to the Pagan Interest in *Albion* for ever, and extremely difficult, if not impossible to be brought about; nor do I need to say much to dissuade this honourable Company from the following their proposals; since Father *Pedro* has already evinc'd and made clear the fallacy of the Chancellor's project and the rest of the Company have sufficiently shew'd their dislike of Father *Pedro's*; I shall now therefore proceed to give my Opinion, and if I shall have the good fortune to convince your

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* reasons,

* reasons, and draw you into a concurrence, you will then
 * be so just to believe that the freedom of my censure pro-
 * ceeds from other causes than that of meer contradiction.
 * we all agree in the main point, that some course must be
 * taken for reestablishing and securing the *Pagan* Interest in
 * *Albion*, so as that it should not seem entirely to depend
 * on the uncertain life of the King; and though the O-
 * pinion of my self and the *Count Davila*, who doubtless
 * receives all his measures from the Conclave, and from
 * *Boanerges* the High-priest, have been by these two Gen-
 * tlemen opposed, at least neglected, yet I have not been
 * so apprehensive as to hear any new thing proposed, as is
 * capable of making me or the *Count* recede from our form-
 * er resolutions, I am sure if it take, 'tis the only effectual
 * way to preserve us entire; I am as sure 'tis as casie, as
 * in a matter of that importance can be wish'd, it may be
 * brought about with so little discomposure of the publick
 * peace, that it shall rather gain the applause of the King-
 * dom; will not the attaining our desires answer all ex-
 * pectations? what necessity of cutting those Throats which
 * with abundance of ease we can make instrumental and
 * necessary to our Designs, the Supposition of an Heir
 * Male qualshes all other pretenders in a moment; And
 * surely *Albion* is not so barren or ill natur'd as to deny *Ly-*
 * *cogenes* a Son. No, no, (*reply'd Polyorchetes, inter-*
 * *rupting the Marchioness*) we have daily experience of
 * the fruitfulness of the Women of *Albion*, but yet we
 * cannot apprehend how *Lycogenes* can expect to reap
 * where he has not the power, or the will to sow: The
 * will indeed (*said Aspasia sighing*) I believe her Majesty
 * can vouch for, but to the sorrow and confusion of us all,
 * he wants the power: Let us then (*continued the Marchi-*
 * *oness*) no longer deplore, but endeavour to supply those
 * unfortunate defects of the King our Master, consider on
 * what nice points our Honour and Interest depend, time
 * will not stay for vain and fruitless wishes, and if we slip
 * so fair an opportunity, we shall seem to dispise provi-
 * dence, ruin our interest for ever, and fall the reproach

of our Enemies, and unpierced by all the *Pagans* through-
 out the World. *Polyorchetes* had heard these last words
 with wonderful surprise, for his thoughts having run wholly
 on the extirpation of the *Christians* by Fire and Sword, he
 had not so much as dream'd of any possibility of milder
 means, and now guessing at what the *Marchiones* had insi-
 muated, he was extremely tickl'd with the project, and de-
 sired the *Marchiones*, that since she had propos'd some-
 thing extraordinary, she would be pleased to explain her
 self, so as that they might endeavour to solve any diffi-
 culties that might arise upon a strict examination of the
 design: 'The difficulties (*reply'd the Marchiones*) are
 so small, in comparison of that advantage we shall reap,
 that among us they will not admit of a dispute; besides,
 we have had a president of what I propose, which tho'
 it miscarried in the main, yet it was not for want of
 power, but will of some Parties concerned to bring it
 about; That an Heir is absolutely necessary to confirm
 and settle our otherwise fading hopes we all agree; and
 shall not we submit to necessity, and endeavours to re-
 store by art what envious nature, or curst fortune have
 ruin'd or with-held? It must be so, (*reply'd Messalina*)
 it must be so, and there is no other to uphold my totter-
 ing Crown: It must be so, and yet my boding Soul
 foretells it won't succeed; these saucy *Albionites*, will
 still be prying, and every step I make will have remarks.
 Rejoyce, Dread Sovereign, (*reply'd Polyorchetes*) (who
 had already taken that hint) 'the *Marchiones* has in one
 word finished what the united strength of my dul Brain
 could ne're attempt: But now the Game is up, I'll keep
 the sent, and work it on to a desired perfection. Why
 should your Majesty (*reply'd Pedro*) despair at all of
 due success? Does your Majesty want Power, or friends
 or opportunity to act what a Predecessor and Namesake
 with so much disadvantage had effected if *Philippo* had
 prov'd but half so generous as is the brave *Lycogenes*:
 Can you doubt the success of any Enterprize when you
 have

' have so powerful assistance even from your Ene-
 ' mies ? Could she carry on a design of the same nature
 ' even to the brink of performance, so as to amuse, nay, to
 ' convince all orders of the Kingdom of the reality of it ?
 ' And can you doubt at last of failing ? She had a sharp-
 ' sighted Parliament, near five hundred of the wisest in
 ' the Kingdom to combat with, who were strict in their
 ' observance, suspicious of her dealing, and resolute a-
 ' gainst any imposition ; she had the Nobility on one hand,
 ' the King her Husband of the other ; and yet she baffled
 ' all but that narrow-hearted Prince, who like the Dog
 ' in the Manger could neither eat the Hay himself, nor
 ' would suffer the Horses ; he had seen himself incapable
 ' of reestablishing the Pagan interest by the assurance of
 ' an Heir, and was so covetous and mean as to hinder the
 ' propagation of it by another, whereas your Majesty
 ' stands on sure grounds, you have a strong party in the
 ' Court, of wise and able men to advise you, you have a
 ' potent Army ready to protect and defend you, but above
 ' all you have a Husband and a King to assist and further
 ' you ; who dares even suspect you ? who would presume
 ' to prove you ? By your word, you create an Heir, and
 ' your command settles the Kingdom for ever, Thus Pe-
 ' dro spoke, and a general applause run through the whole
 ' Company, there remain'd only *Aspasia* and the Queen to
 ' give their Sentiments and Opinions, and *Aspasia* declaring
 ' in short, that Father *Pedro* had wholly satisfied her
 ' thoughts and desires in this juncture, and that she wholly
 ' submitted to the judgment of the Queen. *Messalina* rais-
 ' ing he self, briefly gave her resolution thus : ' Nothing
 ' can give us greater encouragement and assurance of suc-
 ' cess, than the zeal and fidelity of you our beloved Coun-
 ' sellors, and since our business presseth for a speedy con-
 ' clusion, I shall need say no more, then that I do, and
 ' shall assent to what the Majority of you, viz. the *Mar-*
 ' ' *chion-si de Tomazo*, *Aspasia*, and *Pedro* have laid down ;
 ' there remains therefore no more but that you immedi-
 ' ately consult of the manner and method of bringing it on,
 ' and

‘ and from time to time to communicate your advice to
 ‘ us : I advise and think fit that *Boanerges* the High-Priest,
 ‘ our most holy Kinsman, have timely notice of your pro-
 ‘ ceedings , as also *Polydorus* our Royal Friend and Ally ,
 ‘ that they may take care to order Affairs in Foreign Parts ,
 ‘ so as that we may have the universal assistance of all our
 ‘ Friends to promote a Project so highly advantageous to
 ‘ all their Interests.

‘ This gracious Speech and Condescension was received
 with unspeakable joy by the Connſel , and Father *Pedro*
 ſteping to the Door , gave orders for private Thankſgiving
 throughout all the *Mosques* in *Albion* , as alſo for Proceſſi-
 ons, Feaſts, and other expreſſions of joy ; and having a-
 gain ſeated himſelf, they immediately fall cloſe to the
 point, The firſt buſineſs they reſolve on is , That being
 five in number , viz. the *Count*, *Pedro*, *Polyorcheges*, the
Chancellor, the *Marchioneſs de Tomazo*, and *Aspaſia*, they ſe-
 verally have ſeveral Employments and Offices aſſigned
 them , for the more effectual and ſpeedy accompliſhment
 of their buſineſs. The *Count* who by his Office and Inte-
 reſt with *Bianarges* , could claim a Domination over the
Pagan Prieſts , was to ſummon a Convocation, and to give
 them inſtructions how to diſpoſe the News of her Con-
 ception , and to inſinuate, as by Divine Inſpiration they
 knew it would be a Prince , as alſo to quaiſh any Objec-
 tions or Doubts concerning it, and to make remarks of the
 perſons : Father *Pedro* was to be made one of the Privy-
 Council , and as he was one of the chief Contrivers at
 firſt , ſo now he was to enliven and confirm the report of
 the Queens Conception at the publick Board , and to re-
 preſent it with all the ſeeming Candour imaginable , he
 was to ſilence all Diſputes and Conteſts that might haply
 ariſe upon it , and to make motions to the Board, to give
 ſuch order concerning her Maſteſty, and the Child , as
 ſhould gain a general Approbation and Belief throughout
 the Kingdom, and though there aroſe a Controverſie whe-
 ther it were not fitter for ſome other *Pagan* Lords of *Al-
 bion* to eſpouſe this part , yet they ſoon concluded on the
 ability

ability of *Pedro*, who was better qualify'd to represent it in handſom Colours, & conſequently would go down the glibber; and paſs ſecure with the People, ſeeing they had ſo good Vouchers as Privy-Councillors: The *Chancellor* being a Man of an hardned Conſtitution, was appointed to wait with diligence againſt the time of the pretended Birth, and by a poſitive Aſſeveration, if any ſuſpicion ſhould ariſe (as in all Cheats probably may happen) he was to maintain them *Rem in Re*, which from ſo grave a perſon as the chief Judge of Conſcience, would ſurely be believed, and as really aſſented to, as the words of an Oracle: *Aſpaſis* being concern'd ſo near *Meffalina* as Lady of the Bed-chamber, &c. She was to caſſ the Ladies with the joyful News of the Queens Conſeption, and from time to time inſinuate paſſages belonging to Child-bearing, to give an account of the growth of the Burthen, and to make the thing feſſible ſhe was to carry on a ſuſpicion or fear of a Miſcarriage, and it being once granted that ſhe could poſſibly miſcarry, included the belief that ſhe was really Teeming: And now there was none but the Marchionefs remaining, who being a woman, as is before ſaid, of a quick Judgment in Intrigues, and who knew well how to manage an Impoſture of that nature, it was laid upon her with Secrecy and Aſſurance to procure two or three young whoſom Women whoſe time of Delivery ſhould critically agree with the Queens time allotted and ſet down by this Council; the Marchionefs was not diſſatisfied with the Taſk, though ſhe could not but be ſenſible it required depth of Judgment, a great deal of diſcreet Enquiry, and continual Care to manage them to a Hairs breadth, leſt any unlucky accident might ſpoil the whole Intrigue, but upon a little conſideration ſhe remembred ſhe had heard an Inkling of a young Kinſwoman of her own, how that through weakneſs ſhe had been forced to ſurrender her Virginity to the Aſſaults of a young Spark, who had ſince forſaken her, and had withal left her a ſure pledge of his Love and Vigour, ſo that being ſo well encouraged at firſt ſhe readily ſubmits to the Com-
mands

mands of the Board , and engages upon Honour to answer their Expectation ; and now the generals being concluded on and appointed , they disperse, and forthwith apply themselves to their several Employments , and as a Prologue to their intended Villany , they give out , among their own Party , at least, the necessity of Unity in their Prayers to their Saints and the Deity , to send their Majestie's an Heir to succeed him in this Throne and Dominions , and to settle their whole Religion in this Heretical Land , they cause Processions and Pilgrimages, Offerings and Supplications to be made, first to the great Saint at *Loreto*, then to *St. Winifred* and they cause *Messalina* to repair to several Waters that are famous Antidotes against Barrenness, though at the same time they did not consider that the People look'd upon it very awkward and strange , that the Queen had never found out this way for preparing for Child-bearing before ; but such are the practices of the Pagan Religion , that the greatest Villanies and Rogueries they intend to commit are still preceded and usher'd in with great appearances of Sanctity ; and now all things being in a readiness , the Queen declares her self publickly to be with Child , and Orders were given for publick Thanksgiving throughout the Isles , and in other Forreign parts ; Rejoycings and Feastings were made by the Kings Residents and Ambassadors , especially in *Rome* and *Gaule* , as if it were not enough to impose so great a Villany on the whole Kingdom , without enforcing them to prevaricate with the Deity in their Prayers , and to make Petitions for that which really was not ; but notwithstanding all the Contrivance and Advice to carry on this Intrigue , the People, especially the Christian Nobles and Gentry of *Albion* were mightily surpris'd with so improbable an Accident ; and tho' by reason of an Indisposition which *Messalina* for some while before lay under , the Kings weakness and other circumstances , they could not readily free themselves from a suspicion of Treachery , yet they resolv'd to bear themselves with all moderation

ration, and to have a diligent Eye upon *Messalina* and all about her; the first real occasion of dislike was that the Queen did not treat the Christian Ladies of *Albion*, especially the Princess *Philadelphia*, with that freedom as the joy and pride of so great a happiness, if real, would naturally have prompted her to; for she would resent it highly if she could but observe any of the Christians making the least observations of her Breasts, Belly, her Look, or any other Symptom, by which Women in that Condition are easily distinguished; another great reason was, that she seem'd to slight the pretensions of the Princess *Artemisia*, so as there was not the least intimation given her to be at the Queens Labour till within a very few days before she was Delivered; besides, the Confidence of the Pagan Party did strangely startle the People, when like Oracles they would affirm that of necessity it must be a Prince: These and many other material circumstances made the *Albionites* talk broadly of the business; nor were *Lycogenes* and *Messalina* ignorant of their Sentiments; however having the power absolutely in their hands, they were resolved to cut that knot which they found impossible to untie, and since they had thus far advanced in a business of that importance, they resolv'd to go through & bring it about, tho with a thousand absurdities & incoherences; for besides the alteration of her Reckoning, which proceeded partly from a fear of disappointment if the Woman that came first should have brought forth a Girl, but chiefly to amuse the Nobility & Gentry of the Court & Kingdom, who would doubtless have made it their business in behalf of the Princess *Artemisia* & the Kingdom, to attend & watch that all things might have been carried fairly and aboveboard; I say, besides the alteration of her Reckoning she would give out upon every turn different places of her pretended Lying-in, sometimes she would give orders for R———d, at other times she would remove her fancy to H—— Court, but

but in reality *St. Jaques* was the place resolv'd on, for *Alba Regalis* the whole party disallow'd, because by reason of the multitude and concourse of People that constantly attend there, she could not possibly have been so privately Deliver'd as the intrigue did necessarily require; besides, there was no conveniency for the Child to be brought through the Galleries or Lodgings, but in the Palace of *St. Jaques*, there was a Seraglio and a Mosque adjoining with abundance of winding by dark Chambers, secret Passages, Trap-doors and dark Corners, where not only one or two of the Women were with great security and secrecy kept till the time of their Delivery, but where the Queen might have the Child foisted into her Bed reeking and hot from the Womb, but in the heat of all this intrigue and design *Lycogenes* was unluckily put in mind that by the Laws of *Albion* the presence of one or more of the Christian Prelates was to be at the Birth of every Royal Infant indispensably required; to resolve this difficulty a Council is immediately call'd, and after sundry Debates it is concluded, that some way or other must be found to bring all or most of the Dissenting part into a Premunire, and so by aggravation either to endanger their Lives, or at least to clap them up and secure them till the Queens Delivery; accordingly a flaw was immediately found, and the Prelates forthwith Confin'd: and now nothing but the presence of the Princess *Philadelpha* was fear'd, but what cannot the craft of the wicked Jebusites bring about? that Princess had unfortunately complain'd of some small indisposition, when the Queen immediately takes the hint, and by the means of *Pedro* and some other Malecontents, she prevails with her Physician to perswade her to take a Journey to the Waters of *Baija*, though the Operation of those Waters was manifestly known to be contrary to the Princess's Distemper, they being loosening, and she wanting Restraining; but her absence was absolutely necessary, and therefore by any means

to be obtain'd; the Princess according to their wishes leaves the Court, and they were resolv'd to do their business before her return; and now all things to appearance seem'd to favour the design, the time prescrib'd drew near, their greatest Adversaries were remov'd, the Court Party, and Pagan Priests, with daily Stories and Shams were amusing and taking off the attention of the Christians; all things seem'd smooth, and the Critical Minute was at hand, when news was brought to *Messalina*, that one of the Women was in Labour, immediately the Queen takes her Chair, and hastes over to *St. Faques*, but before she had well ascended the Stairs, she was told, that Woman hath brought forth a Girl, with which being for the present confounded, she descends, leaving before such Orders as were necessary; the other Woman expecting their Times Daily and Hourly; and indeed ere three Days were over, she receiving another Summons, repairs forthwith to *St. Faques*, she stays there all Night with long expectation of Success, early the next Morning she receives the glad Tidings that a Man Child was Born, which with all speed was convey'd to the Dormitory adjoining to her Bed-Chamber, in the same reeking Circumstances it was Born in, and having before taken care for the conducting of it to the Queens Bed, the Alarm is given at *Alba Regalis*, that the Queen was in Labour; *Lyogenes* had that Morning rose something earlier than ordinary, and had crost over to his own side on purpose to draw off the men with him, and consequently to favour the Cheat, by leaving as few as possible about the Queens Apartment; in the mean time Madamoizel *de W* — s having before given the Infant a small Opiate to hinder its Crying for the present, lays it gently in a large Warming-Pan made on purpose, and lin'd with Velvet for the more commodious and easie carriage, and the Queen rising under pretence of giving liberty for Warming the Bed, Madamoizel unlades her Vessel and leaves the Infant in the place appointed; the Queen
straight

straight returning to Bed, the Room immediately fills, though none were Summon'd but such as *Lycogenes* thought were afraid to make a doubt or a scrutiny into the Truth of it, or those whom *Lycogenes* had already prepar'd to swallow and favour the imposition; and now the pretended Prince being Born, the *Pagans* of *Albion* begin their Jubilee, *Latroon* Governor of *Iberia* begins to double the Persecution of the Christians there, *Polydorus* by a strict Alliance & LEAGUE with *Lycogenes*, thinks of nothing but an Universal Monarchy, *Lycogenes* doubles the Oppressions of his Christian Subjects, *Messalina* boasts of the downfall of Heresie, and a perpetual Regency, during her Life: The poor Christians, especially the *Albinites*, though something apprehensive of the Consequences of this Intrigue, were yet by their constant Remarques of all Transactions since the Report of *Messalina's* Conception sufficiently satisfied of the Fallacy and Cheat, and resolv'd on measures which they doubted not would in a little time unravel the whole Mystery.

The End of the SECOND PART.

THE
Third Part
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Messalina.

WHEREIN
The Secret Intrigues of the Four last
Years Reign are compleated.

AND THE
Love Adventures of *Poly-*
dorus King of the *Gauls*,
AND THE
Late Queen of *ALBION*,
Made Publick.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident of
Q. MESSALINA.

LONDON Printed for John Lyford. 1689.

The Bookseller to the READER.

THE Promis'd, and long expected Third Part of the *Amours* of our *MESSALINA*, is here at your Service: And though some Criticks, I am inform'd (and indeed my Sale tells me as much) have not put an equal value on the two foregoing Parts, the Second lying under the Repute of much Inferiour to the First: My Historian makes no other Apology, than that the Fair Messalina had so many Engines at Work, in turning that great Hinge of the Pagan Glory, Her Warming-pan Plot, and her Hands and Head so full of Politicks on that Important Occasion, that She then wanted Leisure for Intrigue and Amour; which indeed being the main Delight of the Generality of my Readers, might perhaps lessen the Satisfaction expected from the Second Part. But since her Majesties Departure from the Heretick Albion, has Translated her to a more agreeable and natural Element, the Pagan Court of Gothland; her heavier and sullen Business she begins to shake off, and resumes the lighter Air of Love and Pleasure. And accordingly we dare, without Vanity, assure our Kind Reader, That the former Defects are supplied in the Entertainment of this Third Part, of her History. An *Amorous* Polydorus, little less famed under the Banners of Cupid, than the sometimes Glorious Britomard himself, lying at the feet of the adored Messalina, affords a little more matter of Adventure and Diversion, With this Recommendation to our little Volume of the Great Messalina, We beg your present generous Acceptance. And if you find your Messalina warm with any extraordinary Spark for the Imperial Polydorus; you are to consider, that the Sanctuary and Glorious Reception she meets in the Court of her ever firm Friend, the King of the Gauls, have Inspired her with no small Gratitude to that MOST PAGAN Heroe, and Champion of her Akars.

The Third PART.

LOVE could no longer brook this interfering Business in the Court of *Albion*; for seeing with Indignation, how Ambition daily had intrenched on his Prerogative, he reassumes his long neglected Darts, and vows severe Revenge on his Rebellious Subjects. And now *Messalina's* haughty Heart, which vast aspiring Hopes had long engaged, softens again in Gentleness and Love: She had seen the Languets of her Charming Count, and heard his gentle Murmurs with Compassion; she knew the great restraint he forc'd upon his Heart, when, by reason of her numerous Attendants, and Visitors, he had not opportunity to breath his Love; sometimes a Wink, an Amorous Look, or Sigh, she would by stealth return; or otherwise, in some Ambiguous Words, she would discover her Concern and Care, for his endearing Passion; but in such dumb shows alone, as there were more than Three Weeks spent, e're she could possibly engage, or speak with him alone. During which time, her Beauty, with the Satisfaction of her Mind, was much improved; and that forc'd Abstinence, which her pretended Child-bearing had made her undergo, conduc'd as well to carry on the Cheat, as to revive some fading Glories in her Face, caus'd by the Fears and Apprehensions of Miscarrying. Now, in Triumphant wile, she'd walk, and look, and with Disdainful Jests, amongst her Confidants, laugh at the weak dull *Christians* of the Court. Come, Dear *Aspasia*, would she say, let us no longer doubt of good Success; let's every Year bring forth a Son, and stock the Kingdom with a Race of Pagan Princes; shall my aspiring lofty Soul stoop to the nice Destructive Rules of their inspid Morals? One flight of Pagan Fancy quite out-strips their

their heavy tedious Motions; and till now, our Fears alone have been our Bugbear Apparitions: *Wish* how much ease, did we Contrive and Finish, what some faint puny bearded Creatures thought impossible? Oh how I am pleased to think how naturally I manag'd the Intrigue: Didst thou observe, how gravely some would stand; and when my feigned Groans and Cries would reach their Ears, how then Officiously they'd shake their Heads, devoutly lifting up their Hands, and pray for my Delivery? Then, when my seeming Pains would make me faintish, with what Concern they'd Sigh and Whisper, while I would gently grasp, and turn to thee, and smile at the Success of our Invention? Come, Come, let's see this Darling of our Hopes, this Ground-work of our Everlasting Joy; long Live, and Live to Reign, my little blooming Life, and Live to be the Scourge of our Curst Christian Foes; I'll swear thee, like another Hannibal, their Mortal Foe; each drop of Milk thou suck'st, shall breed an Age of Malice in thy Heart; A Christian's Name shall grate upon thy Soul, and thou shalt prove the Plague of their Profession; I'll breath my Spirit through thy tender Pores, and make thy hatred of them Everlasting: Down, down ye Pagans, to your Great Deliverer; Adore your Mighty Prince, and your Redeemer: See how the base dejected Christians shrink; see how they Tremble at his Awful Frown: Albion is once again Redeemed, Aspsia, and now my Crown sits firm and easie on my Head. Thus in Vain Raptures would the Queen break out, and boast her Promises to be Prophetical; but soon, alas, she found her self deceived, and all her Glorious Promises vanish of a sudden. *Anaximander*, and the Princess *Artemisia*, while *Lycogenes*, and his Pagan Councillors, continued only to make some small Encroachments, and Breaches on the Laws of *Albion*, seemingly designing for no more than a small Toleration of the Pagan Religion in *Albion*, kept themselves within all bounds of modesty and submission, to the King their Father; only in some small Remonstrances, they did Declare their Unwillingness to appear Parties in the Annuling, or Dispensing with those Laws, made purely for the Security of the Christian Religion, against the Practi-

ces and Contrivances of the *Pagans* ; but when they plainly saw, their Own, and the Kingdoms Interest, resolv'd to be made a Sacrifice to the Ambition, and Covetousness of a small Party, that by the known Laws of the Land, were declared the irreconcilable Enemies of the *Christians* ; they thought it then high time to look about them, and though they paid all the Reverence imaginable to the King, their Father ; yet they could not resolve to yield their Rights and Inheritance, and hold precariously their Estates, at the Discretion of an *Anti-Christian* pack'd Council ; besides, by several Remonstrances and Petitions from the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry, they had been solicited to take them into their Protection, and to endeavour a Redress of their Grievances, and heavy Oppressions. *Anaximander*, being a Prince of a Vast and Generous Spirit, was easily induc'd to condescend to their Relief ; for, besides his proper Interest in the Crown of *Albion*, which by the common Principles of Nature, he was oblig'd to Maintain and Defend ; he often would revolve on the Glory of the Action, and how Heroick and God-like it would shew to appear the Great and Glorious Champion of the Christian Religion, which by a Secret League, between *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls*, and the King *Lycogenes*, was resolv'd to be wholly Extirpated, and Routed out of *Europe*. Upon these Considerations, the Prince *Anaximander* immediately imparts his Desires and Resolutions to the High and Mighty Lords and States of the *Low-Lands*, desiring their Lordships advice and assistance in a Matter of that Importance, to the Security of themselves, as well as all other *Christians* ; which upon due Considerations, they with all Alacrity imaginable Grant : And now the Prince having a Gallant, though small Fleet, equipp'd with all the speed that could be, makes for the *West of Albion*, and with such prudent Secrecy were all things managed, that *Lycogenes* had not the least Intimation in the World of his Designs, till his Fleet was ready to Sail. *Messalina* had, that Night the fatal News arriv'd, assign'd

assign'd Count *Davila* to meet her at *St. Jaques*, and the Marchioness *de Tomazo* in the Absence especially of *Aspasia* (who a while before was gone over to her Husband *Latroon*, Governour of *Iberia*) being her chief Confident, was order'd to attend. The Count, who had once or twice been Tardy in the Hour appointed, thought now by early Diligence to make amends, so that by Twilight he was gotten up into the Bed-Chamber, being a private Retirement for *Messalina*, during the King's Absence at any Time, or her Indisposition; where sitting down near the Bed, he waited with Impatience for the Queen; and in the mean time, was contemplating on the Happiness of his Enjoyments; by this time, Darkness had o'respread the Earth, and the Marchioness being to give the Orders for the Candles of that private Apartment, especially at that season, the Count found himself for some time very solitary, and without Light, and being about to make to the Door, he heard some stirring and breathing on the Bed, when drawing the Curtain softly, he could just perceive by her Cloaths, it was a Lady asleep; the Count was mightily amaz'd at first, but recollecting himself, he thought it doubtless was the Queen, who had retired thither before the Hour appointed, and had prevented even his Diligence in coming; so without scruple, throwing himself on the Bed, he clasps the supposed *Messalina* in his Arms, and having in his first Transports run with his curious Hand o're all the private Recesses of her Charms, he was just preparing to attack the Fort, mingling with his Kisses, his short Amorous Sighs, foretelling Transports, Extasies and Dyings; when *Messalina* hastily comes in with a small Taper in her Hand, and calls, *Tomazo*, is not my Dear Count yet come, *Tomazo*? The Marchioness at the very Instant, whether the Amorous bustling of the Count had operated on her waking Fancy, or whether by the Impression of some pleasing Dream, she was thereto incited, Cryed passionately out, ' Make haste my Dear *Ansonio*, make haste, the Marquess will be here and Ruine us.

The Queen who had heard her speak those last Words, by this Time had opened the Curtain, and there discovered the Count, raised on his Knees between *Tomazo's* Leggs, and in a posture which plainly discovered the drift of his Intentions; never were Three Persons (for by this Time the Marchioness had wak'd) so severally astonished and confounded; the Queen with Shame had shewn her Face glowing Red, and then with Anger straight grown Pale; the Count though in that awkward Posture, was so much confounded, he could not move himself, nor had the Sense to cover the Marchioness, or his own Nakedness; but between Wonder, Anger and Fear, was wholly bereft of even Sense or Motion: The Marchioness, whose Age and Experience had rendered her familiar with the same or the like Adventures, was not so much Ashamed of being seen in that condition and posture, as Apprehensive of the Queen's Resentments, if, as was probable she should suppose any Amour between her and the Count, her Lover, and whom she had but that Night appointed, and design'd for her own Use and Service. In such distracted Thoughts and Manner did they for a great while stand and gaze, and wonder at one another, without one word between them, till at last the Queen, whether heighten'd in her Fancy, with the pleasing sight and intended Action of the Count, or upon due consideration, believing and judging, by the words she had heard the *Marchioness* utter, that it was wholly a mistake on all sides, burst out in Laughter, and turning her Face a little, told the Count in Drollery, the Weather began to be cold, and therefore he would do well to take care and cover his Mistress and himself. The Count with this short reprimand was thoroughly wak'd out of his Trance, and slipping off the farther side of the Bed, was bustling a long time to put himself in order, while the *Marchioness*, half distracted, rises and pulls the Curtains close about her; which the Queen seeing, She calls out to her: *What Tomazo! You are resolved then to keep the Count to your self this Night;* and making to the Bed, She threw the

Curtains

Curtains again open, and discovered *Tomaſo* in a fresh confuſion: By this time the *Count* had gathered a little more aſſurance, & coming from behind the Bed, he ſtraight threw himſelf at *Meſſalina's* Feet, humbly aſk'd her Pardon, and told her, he hop'd ſhe was not inſenſible of the fatal miſtake he had like to have fallen in; and conſequently, he doubted not of her favourable Interpretation; he was ſorry he had firſt appeared in ſo indecent a poſture, and his continuance therein, She could not but believe the conſequence of his Aſtoniſhment. The Queen, who upon a juſt conſideration of the circumſtances, was ſufficiently ſatiſfied of his Innocence, was ſo far from being angry or diſturb'd, that after two or three fits of Laughter, ſhe threw her delicious arms about his neck, and with ten thouſand Kiſſes ſeal'd his Pardon: Then turning to her dear *Tomaſo*, ſhe would laugh, and ſay, Make haſte, my Dear *Antonio*, make haſte; O Dear, my Husband comes! Alas! what ſhall we do? we are ruin'd, dear *Antonio*. Thus did ſhe Droll on the poor *Marchioneſs*, till the *Count* putting her in mind of the time of the night, they were retiring to the Cloſet to converſe, when a Meſſenger from *Alba Regalis*, comes in haſte, to give an account of an Expreſs, *Lycogenes* had receiv'd from the *Belgian Lowlands*, giving an account of the Preparations and Deſigns of the Prince *Anaximander*, to come and redreſs the Grievances of the poor *Chriſtians* of *Albion*: the Queen (who was no otherwiſe read in the Politicks and Affairs of State, than as Father *Pedro*, the *Count*, or ſome other of her Priests upon particular occaſions had inſtructed her) was not at firſt ſo apprehenſive of the danger as the *Count*, who was ſo vehemently ſtartled at the News, that without any more Complement than Bowing to the Queen, he deſcends and takes Coach for *Alba Regalis*; where he was no ſooner arrived, but he found the whole Court Alarm'd; and *Lycogenes* in Solemn Council was gone to debate the Buſineſs: The next day the News was confirmed by another Expreſs, and then all was in an Uproar; *Lycogenes* in a great

fright comes to Council, tells them his apprehensions of *Anaximanders* Design, requires their best and speedy Advice, puts them in mind of all the Breaches he had made in the Laws for their sakes; and that now, without speedy Assistance, he was likely to be ruin'd, and the *Pagans* hopes throughout *Albion* to be utterly lost. Such dreadful words as these, and coming from a Prince that had been in every *Panegyrick* cry'd up and applauded for his Constancy of Mind, and Invincible Courage, did so amaze and terrifie his Counsellors, that they could not in a long time set their hearts on any serious Consultation; some of them withdrew, then in again; presently others that had been absent, came posting to understand and enquire into the Business; some would relate it as terrible as their Fears, and represent the numbers of the Princes Ships and Men double; here you should see a haughty stiff-necked Priest, come humbly fawning to a Christian Noble, as if confessing past Miscarriages and Crimes, he wish'd for good Conditions: Some would be packing up their Goods and Treasure, their guilty boding Consciences fore-telling their forc'd Flight and Ruine: But *Pedro* and *Polyorchetes*, the Chancellour, who were sensible they were likely to share the sum and substance of all unhappy Revolutions, thought it now no longer time to dally, or spend the precious Minutes in useleis idle Fears, but to apply the most healing Medicines, that the present bleeding Wound would bear; and accordingly perswade *Lycogenes* to re-call several Edicts, that by their instigation and counsel had been promulg'd against the Interest and Safety of his Christian Subjects: And Father *Pedro* calling a Convocation of his Inferiour Priests, makes them disrobe and in disguise to mingle among the Christian Assemblies, in the *Forum*, *Burse*, *Temples*, and other publick Meeting-places, & there with confidence to utter false Reports, to lessen the strength of *Anaximander*, to cry up the miseries of a Civil War, to extol the Loyalty of the King's Christian Subjects, to make comparison between young *Perkins* Expedition, & this, and thence

thence to conclude positively of the like success: The Court party also of Renegado Christian Divines, were ordered to Preach up the necessity of Obedience and Loyalty, to withstand the Prince in his Attempts, & to brand his Expedition with the horrible Title of *Invasion*. These, and many other Arts were used to take off the edge of *Anaximander's* sword; sometimes they'd brand his Royal Person with base and ignominious Names; other times they would think to terrify the Rebels (as they would call all that should assist him) with the Exemplary Punishments, inflicted by the Chancellour *Polyorchetes*, in his bloody *Western Campaign*: But all would not do, the Christians knew the *Pagan* Punick Faith, as well as Inhumane Cruelty, they saw their Laws, their Liberties, and Lives at Stake; and that now was the only time to assert and recover them; the *Pagan* Priests had often mock'd the King out of his most Solemn promises, and *Messalina* had endeavoured to entail their Slavery upon them to all Posterity. Nothing therefore could stagger their former Resolutions, but like the Adder, they were Deaf to all their treacherous Charms, and false Insinuations: Notwithstanding, *Messalina's* dauntless Pride could not 'till the Princes Landing stoop to the apprehension of any material Danger; she'd often chalk out time and place to see the fond weak Prince brought bound to *Troynovant*; She'd Laugh and Jeer at his few puny Forces, and would in every Table Talk defeat his whole Battalions; sometimes She'd call her Melancholy Lover, whose deeper apprehensions, now had changed his usual Mirth; sometimes, I say, She'd call him to her, and reproach his needless Fears: *What?* would She say, *Can Davila suspect or fear, when Messalina's Heart is free? Can thy so much applauded Courage stoop to what a poor weak Womans Soul can stand? Stand did I say? By all that's good, this Hand shall bow the Neck of that poor Spirited Prince, that weak presumptuous Wretch, that dare Invade my Husbands lofty Crown: What, my Dear Davila, canst thou lament? Hast thou a Diadem so loose, a Throne so be pu'd down, Subjects and*

Slaves to be destroyed before thy Face ? These may create a Monarchs doubts and fears : What then should thy Eyes swell with needless Tears ? Remit, remit, alas, thy useless apprehensions ! I sure am the Center of thy Thoughts : In me thy utmost Wishes are determined ; while then I stand secure, What need'st thou fear ? Cheer up, cheer up, my dear lov'd Count ; let us not lose our present happy Minutes, for vain weak doubts of future Cares and Sorrows.

The Count both wondred & rejoiced at the great Heroick Heart of his beloved Royal Mistress ; and tho' he knew, and was perfectly sensible that her words were rather the effect of her dauntless Spirit, than of a solid Consideration ; yet he saw so much Love express'd in her frequent concernment for him, that he could not but in common Gratitude and Honour, make her the same, or suitable returns : he therefore told her Majesty, That his apprehension of being separated from her, was without doubt, a sensible affliction to him ; but above all he deplor'd his great unhappiness, in not being able to afford more than his own personal assistance, to repel her own, and their great Prophet's Enemies ; that he cordially wish'd the Prince *Anaximander's* undertakings might prove as frivolous and ineffectual, as she had declared them ; that his great care of her Majesty's Safety and Honour, was the only Foundation of his Fear ; that he did indeed object the worst to himself, but did not believe he had yet any reason to despair of the best ; that he was sensible her super-eminant Merit had render'd her Obnoxious to the Slandrous reproaches and envy of the Wicked Christian *Albionites* ; that the King her Husband's Zeal, in a good and pious Cause, had incurred the wicked Malice of his rebellious Subjects ; and that if his Affairs (which Heaven forbid) should happen to fail, it would be the total ruine and destruction of his Life and happiness, to think she should fall into the Hands of her Enemies, or be lessen'd in her Fortune or high Station ; that therefore it was his humble and hearty request, that she would suffer himself, and some other select Friends, to consult and lay before her

her such measures for the security of her Person & Honour as should appear to be most convenient; that providing against the worst, would be no hindrance of her enjoyment of the best; but above all, that she would give him her resolution & firm promise to let himself accompany and wait on her in all, and every misfortune that possibly could befall her. *Messalina* was ravish'd with this so zealous and tender demonstration of her Dear Counts Love, and in a loving transport catching his Hand and Arm, she pull'd him to her on a Couch whereon she sat, where with unspeakable Raptures she would Circle her Snowy Arms & Hands about his Neck and Waste; Oh! how she'd suck his Amorous ruddy Lips and Cheeks, and with her Balmy melting Hand stroke and press, and play with his Manly Neck and Face. 'Oh! couldst thou think, dear cruel Heart, said she, that e're my panting Soul could yield to part with thee, the dearest, blest Fountain of its joy; Fortune, indeed with rude or impartial hands may catch and grasp my shaken, tottering Crown, but sure my Heart and Will are still my own, and being mine, who dare pretend to stop or claim what I resolve to share, to give, to keep for only thee? No, no, my Life, my *Davila*, continued she; 'If Fate or curst instant Fortune have decreed my separation from this Ill-bred Isle, thou like my better Genius shalt attend me, thou like my happy Star shalt lead the way; where-e're we come we'll be each others Heaven, and in thy Bosom will I place my Land of joy and rest. With these last words they fell together on the Couch, and tir'd with busie Love and Rapture, soon dropt into a gentle slumber. Faithful *Tomaso*, in the mean time was hovering about the Out-guards to prevent surprize, and to divert the access of any suspicious Persons: She had waited half an hour or little more, when comes a Messenger from King *Lycogenes* to *Messalina*, which brought account, the Prince was now at Sea, and with a numerous Fleet was making all the Sail he could for *Albion*: the Marchioness receives the Message, and all in tears repairs with open Mouth to the Queens Closet; the Queen waking abruptly at the noise she made, starts up, and

with a sudden shriek alarms the Count; *Anaximander* comes, dread Sovereign, cries the Marchioness, he comes with speed and power, and Swears to unravel all? O Mighty Operations! the Count who had hardly yet recovered himself, was looking about when he had heard the Marchioness declare he was come, and putting himself on his Guard, swore he'd Defend his Royal Mistress to the last; Oh! that his single Fate, cries *Messalina*, were to be oppos'd to thine: Inspir'd by Love and my auspicious Prayers, how wouldst thou crush his puny Soul. Soon shouldst thou nip these daring Christians hopes, and with one happy blow secure our Pagan Friends and Interest for ever. In the mean time *Lycogenes* in late and early Councils, was contriving how to stop this overflowing current of the Princes designs; he had observ'd an unusual blithness in all his Christian Nobles Faces, and was sensible that the Prince *Anaximander* could not presume to attack the *Albionites*, without very good Incouragement from the Grandees: however, with all his industry he was not able to learn out who were *Anaximander's* Abettors in this bold design; Father *Pedro* and others of his Antichristian Council were advising him to lay hold on, and secure all that he could but in the least suspect; but this being controverted was found too Violent, and more than the present Circumstances of Affairs could bear; others suggesting the doubtful Loyalty of the great City of *Troynovant*, 'twas thought advisable to secure the Citadel, in some peculiar trusty hands, and thereby to scare that populous and powerful Place into a just Obedience: This was found good and Feazable, and straight a new Commander is ordain'd, with secret orders how to manage things to the best advantage. In the meantime, the Prince *Anaximander* steers away, and without any lett or hindrance, in a few days arrives safe at a convenient Haven in the West of *Albion*; and now the Thread of poor *Lycogenes* his Fate began

began to crack, now he could plainly see the errors of his Government, and when it was unhappily too late, might Curse the base designs of his pernicious Counsellors : now was he forc'd to stoop that Glorious Lofty Heart, which dayntless heretofore had braved the mightiest force of *Europe*. How was he chang'd, alas, from that brave Invincible *Lycogenes*, that did through Clouds of Smoak and Fire, Charge through the *Belgian* Fleet, and with fresh Lawrels Crown'd, return'd in Triumph to his joyfull Country : now very little *Western* breeze that heretofore did serve to blow and kindle up his flaming Courage, like some cold Pestilential Air damps his Mis-giving Soul ; now Poor, forsaken of himself he stands, Conscience alone of Ills past done remains his tiresome guest : Attend ye cursed Race of wicked *Jebusites*, see the Prodigious effects of your Pernicious Conncels, ye Cloggs to Crowns, and bane of Power.

*Empires to Shake, and Monarchs to Dethrone,
Curst Race of Loyals thy Work alone,
King's, Crowns, and States o're thrown ! no more ? alas ;
Those Records fill not half thy Leaves of Brals.
What need those stor'd up Coals (scarce worth Heavens
For mighty Doomsday, Nature's Funeral Pile : while)
Let Thee but loose for th' Universe o're turning,
Thy Single Brand would set the Globe a Burning.*

The Prince *Anaximander* no sooner appear'd with his Fleet, but the *Christians* all about the Country flock'd to the Shore, and with loud shouts and all other demonstrations of Joy, welcomed the arrival of their great Deliverer : and several with Boats stock'd with fresh Provision put off and dispers'd them about the Fleet, for the refreshment of the Seamen and Souldiers, and having provided before small Bridges and other conveniencies for the Landing his Army, and his Carriages, he found himself in a condition within three days to draw up and

muster his Men, who had by this time heartily recovered the Fatigue of their Voyage. *Lycogenes* in the mean time, though very much dejected, had taken care to Levy a Gallant Army, and it was one while thought a very doubtful thing, to which, to ascribe the Victory. *Anaximander* had not brought with him above Fourteen Thousand Horse and Foot, but those indeed Experienc'd *Veterane Bands*, very Compleatly Arm'd; besides, *Lycogenes* before the Prince landed, had at least Thirty Thousand well appointed Souldiers, so that when he began thoroughly to compute his own strength,, and his Enemies weakness, he thought to take heart, and resolv'd for the greater Incouragement of his Men to appear at the head of them himself, and withal speed to give his Enemies Battle, and hinder their further Progress into the Country; but alas, while he was flatter'd and amus'd with the strength and bravery of his own Army, *Anaximander* was mustering and entertaining the Choice Young Men of all the *Western* Country: for the People considering the Cause, and that their Liberties and Lives, were now their only last stake, they came flocking in so fast to the Prince, that he had in eight days more Substantial choice Men than he could handsomely make use of; besides, the Major part of *Lycogenes* his Army, being *Christians*, they could not but be sensible that those Swords that they should draw against their Brethren in the *West*, would at the long run be employ'd against their own Throats and Lives; and therefore, being already weary of submitting their Free-Born Souls to the Bondage and Tyranny of their *Pagan* Officers, they associate and take Council together how to free themselves and their Country, by either, laying down their Arms, or going over to the Prince *Anaximander*, and now the fatal Period of *Lycogenes* his Reign drew near, for first whole Companies, Troops, and Regiments of his Army revolt from him, and then his Friends and Near Relations, touch'd with the sense of deeper obligations due to their Country. their Religion

Religion and their God : Thus the Trump being turned, the *Pagans* quickly find their disadvantage of the Game, and in Confusion, like distracted Men fling up their Cards, and scamper to secure themselves from payment. *Messalina* also to her Sorrow sees what hitherto she never would believe ; now *Pedro* finds the fallacy of his conclusions, while *Polyorchetes*, *Sunderania*, and others of that wicked Crue curse their unlucky Star, and seek in every corner for some place of refuge : Poor *Lycogenes* flies in confusion from his distant Foes, not able to endure even the report of their approach : He that like another *Xerxes* saw himself begirt even with a world of Guards, now flies bereft almost of necessary Attendance : He no sooner arriv'd at his old Pallace of *Alba Regalis*, but in haste he calls a Secret and Solemn Council of all his few remaining Friends, and after such Debates as the time would afford and permit, they resolve to send proposals to the Prince, who like a Swelling Tide had now o're spread the Country ; and the danger being grown beyond recovery, *Messalina*, at last thinks it high time to prepare for her retirement, and with all speed provide for her Security ; the Young Child also by the advice of the Council was to be nicely taken care of, being likely to prove a very good after Game. The Queen therefore immediatly sends for the *Count* to a private Conference, who as greedily comes, in hopes to persuade her to a speedy Flight : Just as he approach'd the Closet Door, the Queen all in tears get up, and not being able for a while to speak, leans on his Neck, and after many growing Sobs and heavy Sighs, falls Fainting in his Arms : never was Lover in so sad distress as was the *Count* at this unhappy accident ; call out he dare not, for fear of any Suspicion or ill interpretation of his being with the Queen alone ; to go and leave her Dying as he thought, his Soul could ne're agree to ; how to assist, what remedy to use, where to get any thing to apply he knew not : distracted thus he Tore himself, and Rav'd, and Curs'd

his misfortune, then would he kneel by the Couch where-
 on he had laid her, and kiss, and sigh, and Pray, and call,
 till at last the Queen coming to her self open'd her dying
 Eyes, and casting a Languishing look at her Dear *Count*,
 who was now in a bitter Agony of Sorrow, and hardly
 able to support his oppressed Spirits, she rais'd her self a
 little on the Couch, and in a Sorrowful manner lifting up
 her Hands and Eyes, recounts a fresh the sum of her
 Misfortunes: All, all, is lost, Dear *Davila*, said she, my
 Hopes, my Peace, my Joy, my Glories, my All. And
 if I have ought left me worth the Thought of Life, it is,
 that I enjoy thy Love. That Coronet's my own, though
 my Crown's lost. *Messalina* is now driven to the Fatal
 Period of her Grandure in *Albion*, a shock so dismal, that
 the Agonies of such a Fall, to such Soaring Ambition
 as *Messalina's*, are only to be conceived by those that feel
 them. In her fit of Desperation (for 'twas almost come
 to that) she is Mrs. however of Reason enough still to
 provide at least against the Worst of shames, and Last of
 Miseries, her falling into her Enemies Hands, the *Christi-*
ans, a Danger at that Time much threatned; the united
 Murmurs of *Albion* looking up to no other Fountain, and
 Original of the Woes and Calamities, of the Pittied and
 Deplored *Lycogenes*, then the Hot Counsels, or rather In-
 chantments of *Messalina*, and her Pagan Abettors. And
 how heavy the weight of such an *Inquisition* would fall,
 even her Flatterers are but too sensible: Her Flight
 therefore, being now the Plank she has to lay hold
 of to scape sinking, she prepares a small Diminutive
 Yatch, and hires (command she could not, so feeble
 is Sovereignty without Hearts) a handful of Select Sea-
 men, all well bribed, and well sworn, privately, to
 waft her safe to *Gothland*, the only Sanctuary. (Such
 Universal Enemies had her Politicks pull'd down) the
 World could yield her, Oh Zeal, Zeal, and Zeal! what
 Humane Distresses, Miseries, Ruins are Thine, and Thy
 only Creation? — Nay, is there scarce that one Con-
 flagrat-

flagration, that ever set whole Nations in a Flame, that has not been lighted by a Cole from an Altar ? Unfortunate *Messalina*, and deservedly so, the late Royal Partner, to no less than *Neptune's* Sovereign, the Oceans Lord, and the still Terror of the World, had not Zeal, Insatulating, Destroying, Dethroning Zeal, blazed out ; Poor misguided, deluded, hard-fated *Lycogenes* ! This very *Messalina*, of all those Floating Castles, the late attending Pageants of her Triumph, all those once Impregnable Famed Walls of *Albion* ; left Mistress of no more than a poor Cock-boat ! Instead of glittering Flaggs, and flowing Streamers, ushered by all the *Tristons* of the *Main*, and as She past, Saluted by all the Ecchoing Thunder from the Shoar ; now to Steal away by Night, Skulk like a Fugitive, obscured by Shades and Coverts ! Yes, Destiny and Zeal have so Decreed it ! For Sea therefore (such her Equipment, and such the hastening Cause that call'd her) She prepares ; and takes with her, her *Tomazo*, *Sunderana*, Count *Davila*, *Sebastian*, and *Pedro*, and some others of her Cabinet Friends ; the last Three only being a little Transformed, by Disguises of Buff, Scarlet and Feather, metamorphosed into down-right Militants : For indeed her Ecclesiastick Confidants, especially Father *Pedro*, were grown so notoriously Infamous, that they durst not trust themselves in their own Shapes, even with Sworn Hirelings and Mercenaries ; not Gold it self being sufficient to purchase Trust or Safety. The Queen had but very little left, to save and carry with her, except her Jewels ; for truly in spite of all that good Husbandry, that eminent and singular good Quality in *Lycogenes* ; yet what with Standing Armies, and no Taxes (for he neither lov'd or pleas'd Senates enough, for any new Donations from them) and from the continual daily Dreine, he received from those innumerable Spiritual Horse-leeches, that hung upon his Purse-strings, his Exchequer was but low. *Messalina's* Jewels therefore, being all the

Treasure she could save ; those by Father *Pedro's* particular Advice, were committed to the Charge and Custody of an *Italian* Priest, recommended to her by him, as a Heavenly minded man, a Recluse from the World, and who as a Person under a Vow of Poverty, of a Character and Profession above any Temptation, was the only man she could best repose that Trust in. Thus Embarked, with their best Sails to their small Frigate ; with a Fair Wind, and Prosperous Gale, they arrive at *Gothland* : for indeed the just Ordaining Powers, that had punished her with the loss of a Crown, after so heavy a Wreck at Land, thought fit to bound their Indignation there.

From her Arrival in *Gothland*, the Scene begins a little to Change : For the *Pagans* there, with no small Homage and Adoration, resound her Welcome. The Entertainment she received, as peculiarly influenc'd by the Commands of *Polydorus*, was every where Splendid and Magnificent : I dare not call it his Bounty, or Generosity. For truly, all the utmost Services, Respect, Obligations, Protections, or Assistance ; and indeed, all, and more then *Polydorus* has, or can do for *Lycogenes*, or *Messalina*, so near a part of him ; are but poor and faint Returns, to compensate those Miseries and Sufferings, in which his own private Leagues and Cabals, and the too prevailing *Gallick* Councils and Measures in *Albion*, have involved the ruined *Lycogenes*. With a Noble Train of Persons of the Highest Quality, and a Band of Guards, a truly Royal Retinue, is *Messalina* Conducted to the *Gothick* Court ; whilst *Polydorus* himself, with that solemn State and Grandeur, comes to meet her, and Congratulate her Arrival ; paying her all that Humble and Profound Respect, and Awful Attendance, as if she came not from Quitting, but to the possessing of a Diadem : So Pompous was her Entry, that scarce an Antique Roman Triumph could exceed it. And indeed she came to Triumph, the very first Sally of her Eye, bringing

bringing her back no less a Trophy, than the Heart of *Polydorus*. To give her her Right, even without Flattery ; never was Conquest so Expeditious : No sooner was the very Lightning seen, but the Bolt had Executed. So Dazzling with her Charms, to the surpris'd *Polydorus*, that he truly dated his intire Vassallage, from the first Moment he saw her. His once Adored Dear Vestal Divinity, or his Haughtier *Montezania's* Charms, were nothing to the Influence of *Messalina* : so unaccountable is the Archery of the Blind God : For *Messalina* had been no Stranger to *Polydorus* : when before her Marriage with *Lycogenes*, in her Travel from her own *Italick* Durchy, to the Kingdom of *Albion*, she took the Court of *Polydorus* in her way ; yet, then her Beauties, though in their Younger Bloom, could be beheld without half the present Fatality. For, whether his then Regnant Vestal Mrs. had so fill'd his Soul, as had left no Room for any other Guest, or for what Reason else ; a common Veneration was all the Offering he made her then ; when Sighing, Desiring, Languishing, Dying, whole Hecatombs are all too little Sacrifices now. In fine, so Capricious an Ascendant had his present Governing Planets, that that very *Polydorus* fated for the Dethroning of the Unfortunate *Lycogenes* ; the same *Matchivilian* Part, before Practis'd against his Crown, must now be Acted against his Bed. For from this Hour, Friendship, Honour, Hospitality, (Obligations not the first time dispensed withal by *Polydorus*) and all other ties quite cancell'd ; the Possession of *Messalina*, though at the price of a Kingdom, is his whole and sole Ambition. For *Messalina* he Burns, and were her Virtue a Book of Ice, (which for ought he knows it may be) ; for though indeed he was no Stranger to all other her Intrigues and Affairs, however in her Curtain *Arcana*, her Amours, he was no Cabinet Counsellour, he resolves to melt it down ; and that so far from a scruple at the Undertaking, that he should account it not only the sweetest, but the most glorious of all his

Atchievements. For setting all other Considerations apart, what *Polydorus* once but will'd, he could not will unjustly; his Ambition was Commission'd of his Conscience's High Chancellour, whilst to Desire was to Determine; and whatever but once determined, took the immediate Stamp of Right and Equity to pass it into an irrevocable Decretal; insomuch, that the very Dethroning of a God, if once thought practicable, to desire it was enough to render it justifiable:

As there wanted no Magnificence in all her Entertainment from her first Landing, even before the Captivity of the enamour'd *Polydorus*, you may imagine no excesses of the highest studied Gallantry were omitted now. The Adored *Messalina* is Lodged in a Pallace so Glorious, as might have fitted the Reception of a second *Cleopatra* in all her Pride; and which her *Anthony*, the then Competitor for Universal Empire, and in all that Love that lost him the World for her, could not have furnish'd out more Rich and Splendid: Nor did the Brightness and Richness of her Pallace consist only in the outside Wealth and Beauty of her Shining Beds, Embroidered Canopies, the richest of Tapestries, Cabinets, Scrutiors, &c. The unseen Treasures, outvy'd the glittering Frontispiece: In this Drawer of a Cabinet Forty, 'tother Fifty, a Third a Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold; a Fourth, Locketts of Diamonds, a Fifth, Ropes of Pearl, &c. And all too mean a Tribute to his Sovereign *Messalina*. And truly now we talk of Pearl and Diamonds, her own Cargo of Jewels, committed to the true and trusty *Italian* Priest aforesaid, were under Suspicion of miscarriage; both the Treasure and the Treasurer being at present Invisible: We dare not surmize so unkindly, that Avarice, or filthy Worldly Lucre, could prevail upon so Sanctify'd a Recluse from the World, under a particular Vow of Poverty; and above all, thought worthy (as we told you) of the peculiar recommendations

tions of Father *Pedro*, could make *Him* tardy in such a Case. But whither, on the more charitable side, by some impulse of Religion he reserv'd them for Holy and Pious Uses; as to present them to the Shrine of the *Loretanian* Diana, to implore from her Cælestial Benediction, her *Albion* Majesties Conception of a Duke of *Eborac*, to her Prince of *Cambria*; or for any other like Dedication to Holy Mother Church, so it is, that he was no sooner gotten on Shoar, but modest good Man, he withdrew, and was never seen after it. And notwithstanding *Polydorus* publish'd an Ed ct, promising a very ample Reward to that Person that should find him, and recall the Wanderer: Either his Divine Contemplations, and sublimer Meditations, had wrapt him above the listening to humane and mundane Proclamations; or else his Devout Pilgrimage had carry'd him beyond the hearing of them, so that his Recallment is utterly Despaired of; insomuch, that unless her *Albion* Majesty be content to take out their Price in Dirges for her Soul, 'tis thought for any other Restitution or Payment, she now hopes but little. *Polydorus* now begins his approach to *Messalina*, resolving an immediate Vigorous Siege, with all the Forces he can bring to lye down before her. His daily Visits, Observance, and constant Attendance, which at first carried only the Face of common Gallantry, and look'd upon by all Eyes as no other than the Generous Treatment of a Royal Hospitality to Greatness in Distress, and under his Protection; are now both by his Looks, Behaviour, and Address, so Industriously managed, that *Messalina* (unless she wanted Eyes) must find that in the Assiduous *Polydorus*, there was something more than a kind Hoit, viz. an Adoring Slave.

The Queen now fully satisfied how great a Vassal her Eyes had won her, begins to consider the wise Management of so important a Conquest. *Polydorus's*

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Address

Address and Personage, even abstracted from his Imperial Character, and the Lustre of a Crown, were such as always stood fair in the Female Eyes, and render'd his Heart no dis-acceptable Present to the very Proudest and most disdainful Beauty, And our *Messalina*, who was neither the Coyest, or most In-sensible of her Sex, already felt a Commiseration about her, that told her the Sighs of so Royal a Languisher must not go unpittied. Time, Assiduity, and Application, she plainly foresaw, would at last inevitably prevail. And therefore fancying it no less than the Absolute Ordainment of her Fate, she has no farther Thought than an intire Resignation to Immutable Decree. However, though the Stake must at last be lost, yet the Playing her Game out Politick, and managing her Cards to her best Advantage, are in her own Choice and Power. Yes, that, and that onely takes up all the business of her waking, and indeed sleeping Thoughts. The Terms and Conditions of a Surrender; What Parley and Capitulations first; what Resolution and Obstinacy (for the Victory must not be Cheap) she must hold out with, before the White Flag is at last to be hung out. Her Meditations on this subject, had one Evening led her alone from all Company into an inner and private Walk of the Garden; when *Polydorus*, whose unresting Soul had led his Body abroad too with much the same Contemplations, fortunately meets her. This Opportunity as it gave him the Blessing of a more private Interview, than before he had met, so it inspired him with the Courage of making a more ample and particular Declaration of his Love, than all his hitherto fainter and distant Addresses had made. Accordingly throwing himself at her Feet, in the Tenderest and most Passionate Expressions (the never wanted Eloquence of Love) he told her how intirely the Soul of *Polydorus* was Subjected to the Eyes of *Messalina*: Nor did he

more

more heighten the Progress of her Victories, & Power of her Charms, then the Frailty of them; that without a Return of Pity his Death was Inevitable, whilst his Peace, Happiness and Life were absolutely in her Hands. The Queen, whose part was now to Play, with a seeming Amazement, rather than a listening Attention, gave him the Liberty of finishing his whole Declaration; when as Waking From a Frightful Dream, or Starting from a disturbing Vision, Good Gods, she cry'd, are not your Quivers empty yet? Have ye more Shafts reserved still for the unfortunate Messalina? Is it not enough that your Persecuting Powers have Ravish'd an Empire from me, and Driven me out an Exile, a Wanderer of the World; but I must yet fall lower; low as the most abject of my Sex, when my Chast Ears must be Profaned with the Rude Sounds of Lawless Love; Oh! Polydorus, Cruel Polydorus, has Misery and Ruin made the fallen Messalina so little, so despicably little ——— No, Glorious Madam, (Passionately reply'd Polydorus) so Great, so Divinely Great, that the Gods have singled you out to Weild their Thunder, whilst there's not one Bolt of Heaven that strikes with Fate but Messalina's. Oh! Madam, if ever Compassion, Mercy, Charity, Enter'd the fairest Temple that ever Lodg'd a God, have Pity on the Adoring, Kneeling, Dying Polydorus. My Life, ——— alas, my very Soul depends upon no other Doom but Messalina's; for if the Deaf, the Cruel, the Inexorable Messalina must not, cannot, will not Pity me, to Die is but half the Tribute my Despair must pay her: The Transports of a Passion like mine are such, that when I lose all Hopes of one kind Smile from Messalina, she leaves me abandoned to that Wild Torrent of unbounded Horrors, that less then the Abjuring of Humanity, the Execrating of Providence, and Cursing the very Author of my Being, will be the fatal Consequences of my irresistible Desperation; a Desperation so hideous,

that when I fall a Victim to her Scorn, will shut me out at once from Earth and Heaven. *Messalina*, not at all Displeased at so Passionate a Declaration; however to continue the Maske of a most Rigid and Obdurate Virtue, Reprimands him with all the Severest Resentments imaginable, desires him, nay, Conjures him for ever to cease a Suit so Fruitless, and a Thought so Impious, a Language that her never shaken Virtue can so little hear, that rather than live within the Air of so much Guilt, her wounded Innocence must be forced to fly a Cruel Court. and seek a Refuge in some kinder and more Hospitable Desert. *Ah! Madam*, reply'd *Polydorus*, *Then you have Decreed Mankind must be undone! Shall Empires, Nations, People, have Peace, when I have none! No Madam, 'tis resolv'd that Messalina Hate, Scorn, Loath the Unworthy Polydorus. Yes, his Destruction, his Irrevocable Destruction's Sealed; and by the Malice of my Stars, the World shall Groan as I do.* He was once more falling at her Feet, when a Princely Train of the Noblest Quality of the *Gothland* Court appearing in the Garden, interrupted him. He had scarce recovered Reason enough to suppress the too visible concern and disorder, that appeared in his Eyes, much less the Load that lay at his Heart, when one of his Generals Advancing from the rest of the Noble Company, threw himself at his Feet, telling him, *He was immediately in Obedience to his Royal Commands, setting forward to the general Rendezvous on the Banks of the Rhine, and came in Duty to Receive his farther Commission and Orders.* *Commission and Orders!* Answered *Polydorus*; *Why, Burn, Ravage, Ruine, Destroy; make Nations waste, and Kingdoms Desolate; spare neither Age nor Sex; but above all, where e'er thou meetst that loathed detested Thing, that calls it self a Christian, double thy Fury there, Banish all thoughts of Pity or Remorse; be Bloody and be Canonized: Remember the Christian*

stian Pride is swell'd to Ulceration ; and 'tis the Glory
 of our Sword to Lance it. And if thou meetst a Temple,
 lay the Accursed Consecrated Roof in Ashes ; the God that
 fills it is my Enemy ; and 'tis but just my Vengeance
 Battail Heavens. If thou mak'st Treaties or Capitula-
 tions, my Orders are, you break e'm all. Betray and
 Conquer. Heav'n ne'er kept Faith with me, and 'tis
 but Reason, we the Vicegerents of the Gods, should Copy
 their own everlasting Falshood, and Reign Immortal
 Infidels like themselves. You have my Orders ; to your
 Post ; Obey and Prosper. The General upon the Kings
 Command, makes his Humble Obeysance to the King,
 and Retreats, Ruminating with some little Surprize on
 the severity of his present rough Commission ; which
 however, on what unknown occasion that had Tran-
 sported him into such Veherrence and Bitterness in the
 Expressing himself, he nevertheless knew to be the
 true and constant Sense of that great Monarch ; and
 all his former Orders, though perhaps something
 gentler and softer worded, carried in reality the same
 Contents and Mandats ; and accordingly in all Duty
 prepares to Execute.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Tormenting
 Reflections on the Cruelty of *Messalina*, had with-
 drawn him from all Company to his Closet ; In all
 the Agonies of defeated Love, he could not yet in-
 tirely yield to Despair : Were her Virtue a Rock of
 Adamant : Nay were she possibly as Deaf, as Pitiless,
 and Remorseless to all his Bleeding Sighs, as himself to
 a Dying Christians last Prayer, he will not quit the
 Siege yet. Accordingly not a day, nor scarce an
 hour passes that he does not Visit, Court, Sue, Plead,
 and spight of all Denials, all her Pleas of Virtue and
 Chastity, that Mountain Honour shall not block his
 way. Sometimes he Wooes her with the Promis'd
 Restauration of her *Albion*, the Re-instating her in all
 her former Grandeur ; and if the Crown of *Albion*

will not purchase a Smile, he'll throw his own in, to make up the Sum. In short, No Gallantry, Address; no Protections, Vows or Oaths, though ne're so Extravagant, are wanting to pursue the Coy disdainful *Messalina*: till one Morning in her Walk in the same Garden, his successful Rhetorick prevails; or rather *Messalina* thinks she has now held out long enough to yield with Honour: For after his Repeated Protections of the Crowns and Scepters he would lay at her Feet, and the Vassal World he would make her Mistress of; He told her, *If Messalina would but Condescend to Crown his Love, he would pay his Acknowledgment of so Divine a Blessing, with no less a Sacrifice then a Hundred Thousand Christian Lives. A Hundred Thousand Christian Lives!* my Generous *Polydorus*, replied *Messalina*: *Such Merit, such Transcendent Merit! An Offering of that price enough to Court a Saint, and Win a Goddess.* Such Eloquence is irresistible; nay, the name of such a Sacrifice so pleased her, that had the strongest Bonds of Conscience held her, that single Thought had burst the Feeble Manacle; and the offering of so much Heretick streaming Blood, were such an Atonement, as would not only expiate but consecrate the very Sin it self. So pleased and so conquer'd, she generously tells the Ravish'd *Polydorus*, *That she will expect him at Vesper-time, when she will send all her Retinue to the Mosque to their Devotion, and Attend his Company in her Closet.*

Polydorus being now Arrived at the Haven, just upon entering to the Inland of Paradise; the Hour, the Place, the Means and Opportunity all assigned for the Consummating of his Happiness; and what heightened the Charm, his Divine *Messalina* her self the generous Designer of the whole Scene of Felicity; the Plot, the Introduction and Conduct to this more than happy Meeting, so much her own, that possibly, our

Amorous

Amorous Monarch could not conceive more Rapture at the Queens Concession of her Highest Favours themselves, then at the Endearing management of the blest Minute to bestow them ; even the Portal to Happiness being oftentimes with Lovers no less Ravishing, then the very Temple of Bliss, to which it leads. —

In short, All things contributing to make him the Happiest Prince in the World ; whether a Soul, so unbounded, as that of *Polydorus*, whom the Empire of the Universe ('tis very well known) would hardly satisfy, had the Transports of his Passion, as exalted as those of his Ambition ; and was thereby elevated above the Common Height of an ordinary Lovers Extasie ; let it suffice, his Joy, his unexpressible Joy was such, as burnt in his Face, and glowed in his very Eyes ; and the expected Enjoyment of *Messalina* was at that Moment a Trophy above all the Conquests that either his Sword, or his more Victorious GOLD even won him. But to leave our Royal Lover to all his Furious Longings, Impatient Expectings, and Restless Burnings, those Amorous crowding Attendants, that Always make the Leading Cavalcade to the Coronation of Love : My Reader must be intreated to interrupt his Expectation of the success of this Grand Scene of our two Imperial Inamorato's, by the Interposing of a little Comical Intrigue of *Lactilla*, the *Cambrian* Princes Nurse ; which, whether by a Frolick of Fortune, for some particular Diversion of that Fickle Deity, or by meer common chance, it matters not ; casually intermixing it self in this Sublimar Amour, must make up a part of our History.

It is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our *Messalina* has all along express'd for that dear Infant. But indeed, 'twas the subtlest part she had to play, and therefore it must be Acted to the Life. In the late Storm that drove her from the lost Kingdom of *Albion*, and cast her on the *Gallick* Shore,

however that darling Infant, with all the Tenderest Care, was preserved from the Universal Shipwrack, and not only the honest Bric-kill Nurse that Suckled it, was carried over with the Queen, and her *Cambrian* Nursery; but also the very Warming-pan Midwife too, crost the Herring-pond with her Royal Mistress; and as some think very timely and prudently, for fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have staid behind, that possibly would have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas Industriously given out, That her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwife's Attendance being her Majesties special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on her Royal Mistress to what part of the World soever her Misfortunes should carry her:

F I N I S.

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The French King.



*Behold, O Thomas,
 Thy friend
 Will keep him to his
 And to*



*Thy friend
 So far,
 Realm's again
 an Heir.*

THE
AMOURS

OF THE
French King

WITH THE
Late Queen of ALBION.

BEING
The Fourth and Last Part of the History of

Messalina.

By a Woman of QUALITY.

LONDON: Printed for John Lyford, 1689



The Key.

Albion, England. Belgick, Holland. Gothland, France. Iberia, Ireland. St. Jaques, St. James's 'Alba Regalis, Whitehall. Forrest of St. Jaques, St. James's Park. Pagan Temples, Mosques of Albion, Temples of Diana; all signifies Romish Mass-Houses, and Chappels. Waters of Baijæ, the Minerals of Bath, Britomardes, C. II. Lycogenes, J. II. two Brothers. late Kings of England. Anaximander Prince of the Lowlands, The then Prince of Orange, our now our Gracious Sovereign. Artemisa, the then Princess of Orange, our now Gracious Sovereign Queen. Philadelpha, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Denmark. Polycrates, the Northern Prince, His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark. Messalina, the late Queen. The huge Prince in Italy, the late Duke of Modena. Bonerges the High Priest, the Pope. Fagan, Papist. Count Davila, Dada, the Popes late Nuncio at the Court of England. Father Pedro, the Jesuit Peters. Latroon, Tyrconnel, the Rebbel Deputy of Ireland. Aspasia, the Deputies Wife. Marchioness de Tomazo a great Friend of Don Tomazo alis, Tom Dangerfield Young Sanctifore, a Baron of Rome, and Gallant of Messalina before she came for England. Father Sebastian, A. B. Ellis, Titular A. B. of York. Madam de Elvira, An Italian Jilt, one concern'd in the Warming-pan Intrigue. Cleone, a Doxie of Tyrconnels. Madam Wilks, The Queens doughty Midwife. The Water of St. Winifred, A Spring in Wales. Lady of Lorretto, The Popish term for the Virgin Mary. Traynovant, London.

Polyorcelas Ifferis The Fourth Part.

IT is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our dear *Messalina*, all along has exprest for her *Cambrion Prince*, that she carried over not only the honest Brick-Kiln Nurse that Suckled it, But also the *Warming-pan* Midwife to Cross the Herring-pond with her Royal Mistress, and as some think very timely and prudently, for

feare

fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have stayed behind, that possibly might have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas industriously given out, That Her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwives Attendance being Her Majesties Special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on Her Royal Mistress, to what part of the World soever her Misfortunes should carry her; Her late Able performance in Delivering the Queen of her *Cambrian* Heir, having recommended and call'd her (as she pretended) to the Queens particular Choice for her Skilful hand at her next Lying-In.

But to return to our Nurse, and her Intrigue we promised you; amongst the publick and solemn Addresses and Veneration made and paid by the Nobility of the *Gauls* to the Fair Queen of *Albion*, a great part of the Daily Devotion, you may well guess, was offered to that young Prince. For if such Sublime Blood, as was thought to run in that little Heroes Veins, exalted him at scarce three Days old to the solemn Reception of Forreign Embassadors, and giving Audience to publick Ministers, and that too in the Heretick Land of *Albion*; you may easily think that the great *Gallican* Votaries, those *Pagan* Wise Men of the *West*, (pardon the *Allusion*) brought him no common Oblation of Myrrh, Frankincense, &c. But of the Princely Crowd of Devotes, that amongst their Orisons to *Messalina*, made their Homages to this Imperial Babe; it happened that a young *Gallick* Lord, named *Laforse*, a Man of a Noble Personage, making no little Figure in *Polydorus* Court, but above all, a mighty Adorer of the Female Sex; and like the natural Constitution of the *Gauls*, a ge-

neral Admirer of every new Face, without any great Sin of Constancy to answer for : This *Laforce* paying his Devoire to the *Cambrian* Prince, entertained a strong Inclination to his Nurse. What he saw in her more than a good wholesome Complexion, and a plain-spun Cleanly Woman, we can't imagine ; but take her altogether, as the Maggot bit with him, nothing would satisfy him but an Amour with *Laßilla*. Her downright Country Innocence even to Clownishness and Rusticity, had something in it, that at this time Captivated him more than all the Allurements of Wit, Humour, Gayety, High-Blood, and Higher Pride. None of all the Court Stars, in all their Glory, at present took up so much of his Thoughts as Madam Nurse. *Laßilla* he fancies for a Miss, and *Laßilla's* Affection he must Vanquish if he can. Accordingly our Lordly Lover, under pretence of making Court to the *Cambrian* Prince, takes the daily opportunity of Addressing a Kind Look, and Kinder Complement to *Laßilla* ; which he carefully prosecutes with that particular Assiduity and Application, as would best suite the Humour and Breeding of such a Mistress. The poor Nurse, whether dazzled with the Presence, the Looks and Garb of so Glorious a Servant ; or confounded with so fine Words from so fine a Person, began at last not only to listen, but to be pleased and tickled with so Gallant a Suior. It is not worth our while to recount the several Courtship Scenes between them ; to draw therefore to the Consummating part of the Amour, it fell out so, that what through the Imporunities of the Assaying Monseigneur, together with poor *Laßilla's* being several Months tyed up from all Recreations of that kind, (a shackle for some Physical Reasons always laid upon Milch Nurses to Heirs of Quality ;) which possibly might

might brighten her Longing for what she had so long been kept Fasting from, and so facilitate his Conquest upon her ; however so 'twas, that the Creature came to yield at last. And by an odd Caprice of Fortune, it happened that *Lactilla* was brought to the delivering up of her Fort, the very same day her Royal Mistress had Capitulated and Sign'd the Surrender of hers. For the Fortunate Lover for his last Effort, lighting of a lucky Hour, when the Queen and all her Attendants, for the curiosity of seeing ten new Rais'd Regiments of Light-Horse pass under her Palace Window, in their March towards the Rhine, were withdrawn into the Balcone of an outer Room ; had the satisfaction of finding his Dear *Lactilla* with her little Nursery all alone. To improve therefore so kind a Minute to the best advantage, throwing his Arms about her Neck, and Assaulting her Lips (for those outworks he had long since won) with a whole Volley of Kisses ; at last he cryed, *Oh my Dear, dear Sweet Rogue, are these empty Embraces, these half-Joys all I must expect ? When, Dear Lactilla, Oh when, will that Blest, happy, Ravishing Minute come !* Poor *Lactilla* interrupting him, Replied, *Nay, fie my Lord ; a Man of your great Quality throw away your Thoughts upon so poor a Creature as I am ; If you would talk like your self, methinks your Lordships should make your fine Speeches to none but Kings and Queens ; if you have a mind then to show your great Breeding, you would do well to make your High Compliments to that little pretty young King in the Cradle there.* No my Dear *Lactilla*, Replied, *Forsoe, I have other better work to do at this time ; 'tis time now to make fine Speeches to that little young King, as you call him, 20 years hence. Twenty years quotha,* [*Answers Lactilla.*] *By my troth, my Lord, so lon-*

ger ago then we were last in Albion, as young as he is, and as many years as he wants, we have had Your outlandish great Lords and Bassadours have made many a Scholarly Speech, and a great many fine Compliments to him too; But above all, I shall never forget the Bassadour of Catalonia: that great tall Man, with a rusful dun Face, and a swinging pair of black Whiskers, no sooner came to receive Audience of my little Master here, but the poor Baby fell a Roaring at him, and would not endure the sight of him. On my Conscience, my Lord, the poor Lamb was as much frightened, as ever his Father was at S——Bury; and upon my Womanhood I believe it, had it been able would have run away as fast too: I now and swear my Lord, 'twas so terribly scared at him, that I profess I could scarce get it sweet again in an hour after. The Lord could not forbear Smiling at this Innocent Relation; which downright Language of *Lastilla's*, as a Novel Charm to him, was one of the greatest Whets to his Inclination for her. But as Talking was not his present business, he pushed on the matter a little more Vigorously, and told her a meeting she must and should give him, that should more completely Bless him, than all the fainter Favours she had already bestowed upon him. The poor Nurse, after a great many other urging, and at last prevailing Arguments, could resist no longer; and truly at last told him, That if he had any time more to say to her, the only time she had to give him the hearing with Convenience, was at Vesper time; for, says she, the Queen and her Attendants are all then so devout, (though truly I know not how it comes about that they are so over and above Religious here, than they used to be in Albion, unless Misfortune and Miseries make Folk Pious.) that they never miss Prayers; and be-
cause

cause I, and only I am one of those *Paw Things* they call *Hereticks*, my little *Master*, and my self, excepting some *Guards* in the *cur Rooms*, are always life alone; and if your *Lordships* *Intentions* are *Honest* and *Virtuous* (as I trust in *Heaven* they are) if you have any thing more to talk to me, you may come then and welcome. The *Happy* *Monsieur* at this generous and cunning *Assignment* made by his kind *Laßilla*, (for there never wants *Wons* and *Wit* even in *Simplicity* it self on such an occasion) felt a *Delight* Answerable to the satisfaction so acceptable a Minute would give him, and resolving to return at the appointed Hour with that desired *Honesty* and *Virtue* as should be best agreeable to her, leaves his farewell in a *Kiss*, and *Whispers* in her *Ear*, that she should find him a *Man of Honour*; and so *Retires*, and falls in with the *Ladies* in the *Balcone*. The poor *Nurse* waiting for the *Vespers*, (which indeed was the first time that ever she had a kindness for the *Pagan Worship* before) found her Expectation a little baulk'd, when the *Queen* pretending *Indisposition* refused to go to *Prayers*; at which the *Ladies* likewise in *Complaisance* to Her Majesty resolved not to go neither, but stay and pay their Attendance to the *Queen*; which the *Queen* absolutely forbid, Commanding them all to go to *Prayers*, and leave her only to her *Nurse* till their Return. The *Ladies* accordingly *Retiring*; at their Departure, the *Queen* instead of staying in the *Bed-chamber* with the *Child* and *Nurse*, bid *Laßilla* have a Care of the *Prince*, for she had occasions to *Retire* into her *Closet*, where she would not be disturb'd. This gave *Laßilla* some little hopes again; for the *Closet* being on the farther side of a large Room of State lying beyond the *Bed-chamber*, she fancied

her dear Lord might gain Access without any Baulk, at that Distance and Retirement, from any thing of the Queens Interruption of them. No sooner was the Queen got into the Closet, but *Count Davilah*, having received a Packet from *Albion* just at the Chappel Door, defers his Devotion, and finding matter of Importance in it, together with an inclosed Packet for *Missalina*, with Commands of a Delivery at sight, and with Orders of Immediate Communication with the Queen, about Affairs that required a speedy Result; the *Count* in pursuance of his Orders received, hastes instantly to the Queen, and delivering her her Packet, together with the Instructions contain'd in his own, requests her speedy Conference. The Queen was much surprized at his Approach, and in no small *Dilemma*, for if she dismiss him without Reading her Packet, and Confering with him as desired by the King her Husband, she should be Guilty of a Fault highly against the Character of that Respect and Duty she ever paid him, and which in his present Circumstances would be an unpardonable neglect; and if on the other side she stay'd in her Closet or Chamber to Read her Letters, and Debate their Contents, she was Jealous that the appointed Visit of *Polydorus* at so unseasonable an Hour as the Queen known Retirement, would give matter of Suspicion to the *Count*; and which besides her unwillingness to disgust a Person whom she was not yet prepared to disoblige and quite break with, might thereby raise some Blemish upon her Reputation. Between these two Considerations with a sudden Presence of Mind, she thought of this Expedient, which was to Invite the *Count* down into the Garden, and there Dispatch the Conference: whereupon she desired him to Walk down with her; and as she pass'd by the Bed-Chamber she

she told the Nurse whither and with whom she was going, and bid her expect her Return immediately. By this Projection she thought *Polydorus* coming in her absence according to appointment, and not finding her within, would undoubtedly ask the Nurse for her, and thereby informed, be invited to stay, and Attend her Return.

At the Queens Departure it was just drawing towards the Evening, being a little past Sun-set: And *Lafilla* extraordinarily pleased to think she should have the whole Lodgings free, and by that means, if her Lord kept Touch, enjoy all the Privacy and Freedom her Heart could wish; being truly in her Nature a little more fearful, and something bashfuller in an Amourous Transgression, then the Fairer Court Sinners generally more harden'd, and more Courageous at a Love Adventure, had already drawn all the very Window Curtains of the Bed-Chamber close, to be as much Retired as possibly she could. — Just as the Queen was got down the Back-Stairs, Enters the King by the other Stairs, and immediately with all the haste of an Invited Lover makes to the Closet; but finding the Queen not there, and imagining she might be in the Bed-Chamber, Trips as Nimble thither. The Nurse hearing some body Walk cross the Room of State, with that eager pace that spoke him a Lover, as she thought by his Tread; and not doubting any other, but that her Dear Lord was come; in a kind of a Panick Fear, sitting Perdue upon the Bed behind the Curtains, and almost Trembling to consider what she was going to do, not daring as she thought to Expose her Blushes to the Light, (being the first time of her offending in that kind) out of pure Modesty puts out the Candle. The King just upon his Entrance into the Bed-Chamber, fancying nothing else

but Love could put out the Light, that it's own might blaze the bolder, and consequently the Golden Minute was now his own, makes his Instant Approach to the Bed, and Grasping in his Arms his yielding though mistaken Sacrifice, and breaking out into a Rapture of — *My Life, my Soul, my Heaven, my Eternity,* with Two or Three more such Pious and high flown Ejaculations, the usual Devotion of Lovers, (those few short Preliminaries (to say Truth) being as much as the little Patience of much Love could dispense with) without staying for one Syllable of Reply from his Twining Mistress, for indeed her Elevated Thoughts were too full for her Tongue to get Vent; besides she had her Mouth so sweetly stop'd, that she wanted Power as well as Leisure for talking; *Polydorus* without farther Ceremony immediately Rushes into her Bosom, Launches into a Torrent of Bliss, and Riots and Revels in unutterable Delight; for *Missalina*, his Angel *Missalina*, fill'd both his Arms and his Soul; so Potent is Imagination, that Deity-like, what she Enjoys she Creates. The Ravishing Dalliance ended, with no Love lost on either side: For *Monfieur* was as Divinely Charming to the Ravish'd *Lactilla*, as *Missalina* could be to *Polydorus*, and the very Grandeur of a Lord in her Arms, (though otherwise perhaps no heartier a Performer than her own honest Lime-Pit Clod Pate Drudge in *Albion*,) had so much outvied the poorer satisfaction of her Man of Clay and Sea-Cole, her Spouse at home; that in pure Gratitude for the Honour as well as the Pleasure she had received, having not only recovered both breath and leisure for a kind word or two of her own, but also gotten a little more Assurance than before (for Love soon makes Equality) she turn'd to her Punning, as she thought *Laforse*, and throwing her Arms

about

about his Neck, thinking it her turn to talk a little Amorously now; *Well my dear Laforse* (says she) *I hope you have no reason now, to think your poor Lactilla so hard-hearted as you have sometimes told her she was, for if such Love as mine——* Lactilla !

——cries Polydorus starting up from the Bed, in a surprize so killing, that not the Ghosts and Spectres of all the Christian Victims his own Edicts had ever doom'd, or his Booted Deciples executed; nay, nor all his broken Leagues turn'd Goblins, could have Stagger'd him more. At first in the height of Agony and bitterness of Soul, he thought 'twas a Trick of *Messalina's*; that his high-flown Ambition of attempting the Queen of *Albion's* Virtue, had put her Pride and Scorn upon this Stratagem of punishing his Audacious Love by so contemptible and despicable a Creature soyster'd upon him: Such Dirt and Rubbish in the Arms of *Polydorus*! The Transport of that thought, and his enrag'd Sentiments of so unpardonable an Affront, could hardly withhold him from drawing his Sword and Executing his Fury, (though never so unmanly) on the heart of that Sordid Engine and Tool, in this Insolent manner made use of, to abuse him. But these suggestions were soon suppress'd by some kinder thoughts of *Messalina*, it being impossible, as he thought, for so Excellent a Creature to be so great a Jilt, or rather greater Devil, as this piece of Imposture must render her. Besides, were she all the Furies and Fiends of her whole Sex put together, yet, as a Woman of Imperial Quality, her very Character, if nothing else, would never suffer her to make choice of this, of all the Revenges in the World, (if any such she had against him.) For whatever Stratagems a Great Woman might make use of to gratifie her Spleen, Spight,

Malice, Hate, or any other Passion; she would never turn Baud for any of them. That part of his Fear upon these Recollections being pretty well clear'd up, he resolv'd however to satisfy himself by some Interrogatories to *Lactilla* (as much as he could make without discovery of his Person,) what Sorcery, Enchantment, or Malicious Devil of Fortune had snared him into so poor a Noose as the Arms of *Lactilla* ; a Thought that so much Disgusted his Haughty Pride, that he wou'd not, for half the Price of a Kingdom, be made so much the Jest of the World, as so Humble and Course a Love Adventure, (he fancied) if it should take Air, would render him ? more especial'y if it should get to the Ear of *Messalina* ; for his meer Indignation could never digest so shameful a Reproach, that his Imperial Carresses (though never so innocently) should be Debased to so Sordid an Embrace. And therefore, if for no other Reason, from Her above the rest of the World he must endeavour to stifle the Discovery of this Accursed Accident : Turning then to *Lactilla*, (who still lay upon the Bed in no small surprize, and as you may imagine, in no less trouble at her Dear Lords so abrupt and unkind Start from her Arms.) *Well, Dear Lactilla, says Polydorus, I hope the Queen has no Suspicion of our kindness ——— The Queen !* suddenly reply'd *Lactilla, Good Heaven forbid ! should my Lady Messalina know what I have been doing, the more Naughty Man you, ——— But what do you fear ? Who, I, b'r Nurs,* and let the Queen know I Lay with a Man, and Spoil'd the Princes Milk ! Not for a Thousand pound ! To be Burnt for Heresie, or Hang'd for High-Treason against that little Princely Babe, would be the least I must look for in this Pagan Land. No, my Dear Lord, we poor Country Folks are not so dull neither ;

how

how simple soever we may be in other matters, we have always Wit enough in our Loves : and if my Dear Lord can be kind to so Worthless a Thing as I am ; never fear Queens nor Emperesses discovering of us : let me alone to take care of that. This Innocent Answer of *Lactilla's*, (excepting the Resentments of so Nauseous a mistake, and so unhappy a disappointment, which he could not yet so easily, Conquer) satisfied all the rest of *Polydorus* disquiets ; for now he plainly found, that the Nurses mistaking him for the Lord *Laforse*, had not onely dispel'd all his first ungenerous Suspensions of *Messalina*, (a Thought, which how Momentary soever it lasted, he could now hardly forgive himself for) by convincing him, that not only Fortune was the true and only Jilt that had put this Trick upon him ; but also by Vertue of his still passing for the supposed *Laforse*, together with the Favour of the Dark, he had now an opportunity of Marching off utterly undiscovered , and defying the utmost Malice of his Stars themselves to expose his shame. Without any stay therefore , or any other parting Compliment, then *Adieu Dear Lactilla, I'll see thee again very speedily*, he Starts out of the Chamber, and clapping the Door after him , lest any of the Lights in the Room of State should give her so much as a glimpse of his Back-side, he bolts down the Back-Stairs with all the Expedition he could make. He was not gotten three Paces below the Foot of the Stairs, but *Messalina* crossing a Walk in the Garden, popt just upon him, who by this time having adjust'd matters, and dispatcht the *Count*, was indeed with no less haste Returning to her Closet in Expectance of *Polydorus*, whose Expectation by this time she might possibly have over heighten'd ; if not a little tryed Patience. But meeting him moving off in such haste.

My Lord the King, *why so fast?* I hope the Face of Messalina has nothing so Terrible in it, as to fright you. The King, between Surprize and Confusion, (occasion'd by the sight of *Messalina*, and the fresh Remembrance of his uunfortunate Adventure with the Nurle, his own Conscioufness of which, though unknown to the World beside, made him Redden with a Blush almost Scarlet deep, though the growing Night partly conceal'd the discovery of it;) what through the suddenness of this Encounter, and the perplexity of his Thoughts, being not well provided with words to Answer her, was itudying for a Reply, when the Queen continued; 'Well, Polydorus, I suppose you found but dull Entertainment above, by your haste in running away; tho if the Expectation of my Company had been worthy of one Minutes longer Dispensation, and your patience not quite Exhausted, I had return'd to tell you, that the Receipt of an Express from Lycogenes, brought me by Count Davilah, drew me some Minutes into the Garden. The Contents of which requiring some short Conference between us, I took him down thither for it, lest your expected Visit at that time, to a prying Eye, or a censuring Thought, might have afforded matter of Surmise to my disadvantage. But that fear is now past, for I have given him such a Dispatch as may assure Polydorus, that Messalina cannot be guilty of forgetfulness — This obliging Language of the Queen, as it could not but infinitely Charm the Amorous Polydorus, so it could not but as much distract him too. For to tell her, he had been in her Apartment, and stay'd there for her not full a Quarter of an hour, (for indeed his whole Ingress, Egress and Regress from *La Gilla*, was an Execution of no more Minutes dispatch,) and that truly (let him mince

mince it in as fine words as he pleas'd) he had not
 patience to wait longer, though for so Divine a Bless-
 ing as the Possessing of *Messalina*, would be an ex-
 cuse impardonable. And on the other side, to own
 the Truth of his Adventure, that frighted him
 thence ; that Thought was all Death and Hell, and
 nor Wild Horses could draw him to so shameful a
 Confession. In this distraction of Thought, it came
 at last into his Head, to tell her, *That if her surpriz-
 ing Absence at so blest an hour, and after so Solemn
 and Generous an Engagement, that had so intirely
 fill'd his Heart, and taken up every Faculty of his Soul,
 might run him into any Impatiences or Extravagances
 worthy a Rebuke, as his not waiting longer for her
 Return, and his over-zealous coming down in Quest
 after her, might be ; however, he hoped she would
 excuse all Effects, how blameable soever, that had no
 other than the Transport of her Charms, and his own
 Passion for their Cause.* The Queen made him an
 obliging Answer, and told him, *She was very well
 satisfied, the Fault, that was, being of her own side.
 But since interposing Business had made her lapse some
 Minutes in her Promise, however, she would make Re-
 paration for it, and if he pleas'd to Return with her,
 as she had Expedited her Husbands Express, she was
 now at leisure to listen to any Expresses of Polydorus,
 and as ready to Dispatch them,* At which, giving her
 Hand to *Polydorus*, which he received with a pro-
 found Reverence, they Returned back again, the
 King only Murmuring all the way to himself, to
 think what good substantial Love he had lately Pro-
 digally Lavish'd, or rather thrown away ; and which
 in his present Payment might be something wanted
 to make up his Sum. But above all it grated his
 very Soul to think, that so Abject a Creature as

Laßilla had Ravisht so considerable a part of what was so entirely due alone to the Divinity of *Messalina*. Nay, and what's worse, had got the first start too in Love, inso much, that he must be forced to come all Sullyed and Defiled, (for a less Taint he could not fancy it) to such Celestial Embraces. But to bring our Lovers to the Closet; the Door shut; and the Queen thrown upon her Couch, and *Polydorus* by her side; she cast those Languishing Dying Looks upon him enough to Thaw a Stoick, and Fire an Anchorite. The King who needed no Invitation, but already Melted into Kissing, Tying, Dallying, Embracing, Twining, all those Outworks of Felicity, the Supreme Beatitude onely unpossess't; Nay, and even that too just entring, and on the very Brink of Paradise; Oh! too imbecile to grasp at so Divine a Treasure, though admitted even into all the whole fragrant Ravishing Bed of Sweets; Alas, he wanted strength to Crop the Flower.——At this accursed Damn'd Defeat (no Name too black, nor Thought too hideous for it) poor *Polydorus* fell down by her side upon the Couch so Abasht, and so Confounded, that he could have wisht all the Graves, that his own Sword e're Digg'd, to Swallow him; or some kind Mountain, high as the Cryes, if possible, of all his own Martyr'd Christians Blood, to cover his shame.

The Queen her self no less Defeated, though not so much Abasht, (for in such Cases the Failure is never in their Sex) perceiving his Confusion, threw her Arms about his Neck, and laid her Cheek so close to his, as if she had resolv'd to shew, that she either did not, or would not see his Disorder; a Behaviour, which carryed not only Endearment in it but Policy too. For to triumph over Weakness, & jocque or cajole an unperforming Lover, as some foolish resenting Beauties

Beauties in such disappointment have done, has
 sometimes been too well known, to their own loss,
 to have given that intire Check even to much
 younger and abler Nerves, than *Polydorus*, as has Inva-
 lidated a whole Affignation: Whereas, on the con-
 trary, an Unconcern or Endearing Connivance at
 Frailty, has encouraged the Retreating Unucceeding
 Assailant, to Rally again, come on, new Storm, and
 Conquer: *Polydorus* in all this staggering Shock, ex-
 cepting some Restless Starts and Flings, and now and
 then a Murmuring rougher sort of Breathing betwixt
 a Sigh and a Groan, that spoke better for him, ut-
 tered not one Syllable; his Rage being too big for
 Words, and his Shame, alas, too Odious to be Pal-
 liated with Eloquence, had he Recollection or Sense
 enough about him to study for any. *Messalina* all
 this while, as a Cordial against a Pang so violent, ge-
 nerously plyed him with all the healing Balm that
 her kindest Kisses, Toying, Caresses, and Embraces,
 could give him: till *Polydorus* at length so sweeten'd,
 new warm'd, and enlivened again, by such Languish-
 ing, Melting, but above all (her brightest Attribute)
 such Forgiving Divinity, began to feel new Anima-
 ting Fires; and to Retrieve his Honour, with all
 the Prowess of a Recovered Champion, he Renews
 the Assault once more. But the second success too like
 the first; a meer thin Airy Flash and ineffectual Fire.
 —At this last Defeat he could hold no longer, but
 started from the Couch, and flew into that Storm
 and Rage, Madness and half Desperation, that no
 Execrations against himself, or Innovations against
 Heaven and Earth were too terrible for him: till the
 Queen Interposing — *Eye, Eye, my Lord, why all
 this Rage, th's Unmanly Rage! Why do you thus
 unkindly play your own Tormentor?* Can *Polydorus*

Execute before I Sentence? The Punishment's Unjust that comes before the Sin: and I know none —
 No Sin! Not Polydorus sinn'd against his *Messalina*,
 [Interrupting her.] Oh Injur'd Madam, Your Divine Innocence knows not the Weight of my Accurs'd Guilt, a Load would sink a World. Oh that Vile, Black, Infernal, Damn'd, — [Casting a Furious Eye towards the Bed-Chamber] and then turning towards the Queen.] *Beast, Monster, Traytor as I am —*
 The Queen [stopping him.] *Nay, no more my Lord, Wrong not your self with these unjust Reproaches; what you would call your Crime, perhaps I've reason to esteem your Glory; perhaps you Love me too well, and that has been the cause. Desire sometimes has been foil'd even by Desire; and Loving bank'd by Love. Alas, my Lord, there are Heavens even above Heaven, and it may be your Extasie has rapt you above your Paradise. And to recall your Peace, I am content to be so Vain, to think my Charms have had that Power. Oh Royal Excellence (replied Polydorus) [Astonish'd at so Amazing a Kindness.] You are so Divinely good, that to lay hold of such Transcendent Grace to save me, without Desert, would but double my Damnation.* At which he began to launch out into such bitter Reviling and Railing against himself, that the Queen not knowing their true Cause, began to think of a new Style to recover his Reason, and therefore was resolv'd to Rally him into his right Wits again. *Well Sir, If this won't satisfy you, perhaps I have a new Discovery will answer all. I have either Heard or Read somewhere (no matter which) [Smilingly] of Enchantments used in this case. 'Tis not the first time, that Malice, and the Malice of a Woman too (for such they say there are in the World) has made use of Spells to defeat the Expectation*
 of

of Lovers; and the tying of a Magical Knot (as some such practice, you know not, may have been used upon you) and the Witchcraft of Ill-Tongue have sometimes had that strange Power. Bewitcht by an Ill-Tongue, Madam ! (replied Polydorus) Oh Madam ! [Sighing] There went more then all Ill-Tongues (Confound the Enchanters) to the Bewitching of me. Tying of Knots too say you ? A Plague of the Knots I Tye ! Oh that Sprightful , Confounded Witch, Hag, Forceress, Beast, Bawd, Strumpet——[he had almost said *Laßilla*] Beast, Bawd, Strumpet ! When *Messalina* Interrupting him, What Beast, Bawd ? Fortune Madam, Fortune, (Recollecting himself) that Filth, that Cheat, that Harlot, that Impudent Harlot, Fortune, the spite of my Stars, and the Malice of the Gods, that enjoyd my Immortal Happiness, and in downright Gall, rank Gall, Hemlock, Wormwood, Poison, have ransack Hell, and Muster'd all the Imps of Lucifer to rob me of my Bliss.

The Harange had went on, had not *Fornacos* Approach, a nimble Forerunner before the rest of the Zealots returned from their Devotion, giving them warning to retreat from the Cloiset, and the King to prepare himself for the appearance of a more indifferent Visitor, which with much ado he endeavour'd; though the concernment in his Face was not easily

A necessary precaution often wanted by Messalina.

masterable. The Court beginning to fill soon after, *Messalina* produced, and Read her Expresses, importing the Landing of her *Lycogenes* in one of the Ports of *Gothland*, a piece of News not ungrateful to the whole Company, since it brought them the Expectation of the speedy Honour of so Royal a Guest in the *Gallick* Court, and which indeed had been the Subject of, no Common saying, had not the fatal Cause

that lent them that Honour much rebated the Delight. The Queen told them further, *That she had before communicated the Contents to Polydorus, to which indeed she was obliged to him for his pleasant Visit.* Yes Madam, readily answered Polydorus, I came to obey your Commands, and the Care and Application I shall make for a Reception suitable to the Majesty of Albion, shall Convince the World that the Bonds that have tied the Hearts of Lycogenes and Polydorus are Eternal.

Some Days after *Lycogenes* arrives, neither unlookt for, neither welcome ; for they knew he came to them like a Gamester at an Ordinary, that had lost all his Money, and came for a new Recruit. By my Soul, our *Lycogenes*, I have had ill Luck ; but I'll Play t'other Game for't. 'Tis ill venturing upon a Loosers Hand quoth *Polydorus*. Sir, quoth *Lycogenes*, Lend me but t'other Threescore Thousand Pounds, and you shall have all *Ireland* for it. Sir, said he, then proceeding, Remember the Proverb, *He that England means to win, with Ireland must begin.* That is a Proverb I have often heard, quoth *Polydorus* ; but if I Lend you this Threescore Thousand Pounds, I'll have all *Ireland* to my self, I'll send Officers of my own to take Charge of all the Employments in that Kingdom ; you shall have nothing to do there. Not I by my Soul, quoth *Lycogenes*, I will have nothing to do there ; I'll only be your Deputy there, I'll receive the Sword from *Tyrconnel* in your Name and Execute your Commands by your Authority.

These Conditions being Sign'd and Sealed between *Polydorus* and *Lycogenes*, Men and Money were provided with all the speed imaginable. For *Messalina* was soon weary of his Cold Embraces ; having by this time a fair Cover for whatever should after happen, should she really chance to be Impregnated:

And

And therefore being present at the Colloque between her Husband *Lycogenes* and her Champion *Polydorus*; She at the same time tipt the wink upon *Polydorus*, and pointed to the middle of her Placket ; which so inflam'd *Polydorus*, that he was as ready to Condescend to *Lycogenes*, as *Lycogenes* was to Demand of him:

During these Transactions of a higher Nature, and a deep Intrigue between the two Monarchs and the Monarchesse. *La Force* plyd his business with *Lactilla*. 'Tis true *La Force* had brought her to his Bow, but the Consummation of Pleasure being interrupted, as you have already heard ; that interruption brought *Lactilla* to bethink her self. For, not to conceal the Truth, *Lactilla*, honest *Lactilla*, Nurse in Ordinary to the Gallick Prince, she from whom the Sovereign Swayer of the *British* Scepter was to suck his Masculine Inclinations, had been dabling already. Which made her out of a Scruple of Conscience begin to contrive, which way she should put off *La Force*. For, Lord quoth she, must I Adulterate the Milk that Suckles the Monarch of Three Kingdoms. So that when *La Force* came to Reiterate his Addresses to her, she dealt with him like a plain good honest Country Nurse, and told him, that she had placed her Affections before upon a certain Souldier in the Life-Guard of *Lycogenes* (for those sort of Cattel will be always endeavouring to get between the Thighs of your Court Lawndry-Women and Nurses, to Eek out their Preferment) who had overcome her ; and that by him she was Young with Child : And truly her Pains were so extraordinary, that being afraid something more then ordinary would come of it, she was resolv'd to prepare her self for Repentance. *La Force* who had an Eye that could pierce through a Mill-stone, presently ap-

prehended what *Laßilla* would be at, which was enhancing the Price ; and therefore pretending to be a Doctor ; Oh Madam quoth he, I understand the reason of your extraordinary Pains : The Gentleman who the last time had your last Favours, left his work unfinish'd ; so that what you carry in the Womb, must want either an Arm, or a Leg, or a Thigh ; and then if it come forth so imperfect, it will be the cause of great Trouble and Affliction to you. But for that, be of good Comfort, give but me the liberty, and I will make all things well and perfect, and your Travel shall be as Easie as the flipping of a Cherry-Stone from between your Thumb and Fore-finger. *La Force* made this so demonstrable by Dent of Argument to *Laßilla*, that for future Convenience-sake she condescended to whatever he could desire.

While *Laforce* lay thus at Rack and Manger with his dear *Laßilla*, *Polydorus* chaffing for his last misfortune, long'd for a second Tryal of his Abilities. But the presence of *Lycogenes* was a new rub in his way. 'Twas therefore thought convenient to march him off with all the speed that possible might be ; nor was *Messalina* less desirous to be rid of him, as one whose Reign over her Affections was now as much at an end, as his Reign over the hearts of his People. *Polydorus* therefore sends for *Lycogenes*, and having agreed upon Conditions, hastens him away into *Hibernia*, with permission to retain the Title of *Lycogenes* the Second King of *Hibernia*, but to deliver the real Possession of the Kingdom to *Polydorus*, and the Command of all his Souldiers and Forces to such Officers and Commanders, as he had order'd to accompany him.

So soon as *Lycogenes* was departed, *Polydorus* prosecutes his Amour with great heat ; nor was *Messalina* who

who had already surrender'd up her Fort, less diligent to afford *Polydorus* all the Opportunities that could be with Circumspection and Caution omitted : She was mainly desirous of a Prince to be Born of her Body ; by which means she might bequeath perpetual vexation to the Christians : And to that purpose she thought that now she had both change of Air and variety of Persons, she could not fail ; and as for the Legality of it, she never minded that, since she could have Absolution when she pleased.

Polydorus therefore therefore sends her an Invitation to his Country Palace of *Verfella*, and appoints her an Apartment not far from his own, with so many private avenues to it, that it was impossible one would have thought to have made the least discovery of their private Congresses.

Under the Covert of this Retirement, *Polydorus* had several Opportunities to enjoy the Carresses of his endearing *Messalina* ; while she on the one side labour'd for Pregnancie, and he on the other endeavoured to recover the Reputation he had lost in his first Venereal Attempts : Nothing could out-vie the Dalliances of these two Royal Lovers, unless the efforts of Youthful *Cleopatra*, to please her *Mark Anthony*, or the Gallantries of *Mark Anthony*, to gratifie his adored *Cleopatra*. Moreover, *Messalina* thought that if now she should prove with Child, the World would be the sooner Convinc'd of the Truth of her being Deliver'd of the Prince of the *Cambro-Britans* ; which made her more eager to devote her self to the satisfaction of her *Polydorus* : However Love had only a Design to exert his power, and would not admit *Lucina* to come in for a share, in blessing the strong Endeavours of the Amorous Pair with effectual Success : 'Tis true Fame did her part and spread abroad a rumour over all *Gothland* and *Albion*, that *Messalina*

was with Child, and so it holds ; but as to that, it is left to Time to make out the truth of it.

By this time *Cupid*, who seem'd to study nothing more then to enlarge the Conquests of *Messalina's* Charming Eyes , had smitten the Heart of Young *Delphinus*, only Son of *Polydorus*, who began to be no less Enamour'd of the Bewitching *Messalina* then his Father. 'Tis true he knew nothing of certainty of what pass'd every Day between his Father and her. For now it being known that *Lycogenes* was gone of *Polydorus's* Errand, it was easie to feign pretences of Frequent Consultations with *Messalina* ; but as the Actions of Princes will be pry'd into, in spite of Fate, *Delphinus* had some Inkling of the Intrigue. And indeed the more then ordinary Credulity and Obsequiousnes of *Polydorus* to an Exild Princess, could not choose but Enhance her Suspition. However Love is such a Tyrant, that what he will, he will have done. The Young *Delphinus* is inflam'd, and tho' he were pretty sure, that in giving way to his Passion, he must be his Father's Rival, and Fish in the same Stream with his own Parent, yet his Ardour was so Violent, that those Considerations could not with-hold him, nor stem the violent Current of his Affection : So that he never came into *Messalina's* Company but his Amorous Looks betray'd the Passion of his Heart ; so easily discernable, that *Messalina* could not perceive the double Conquest she had made both of the Father and the Son. But *Messalina* who had Abandon'd her self over to the Father, made the Punctillio of Honour so much her present Excuse for not condescending to the Son's Addresses, that she still put him off with fair Complements, so that all his Efforts prov'd ineffectual.

FINIS.

